

The Reader's Digest



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Number 53

SEPTEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX

I am greatly interested in The Reader's Digest. Every month I look forward to the next issue. It is a fine idea for busy people in editorial offices.—Jessie M. Robbins, Asst. Director, Journal of the National Educational Assn., Washington, D. C.
... It is a great "ad" for your little magazine. It is impossible for me to leave it around for any length of time. It just is not there when I go back for it.—D. R. Poole, Exec. Secy., Manitoba Boys' Work Board, Winnipeg, Can.

My best investment in current literature.—W. A. Ashmore, 8 Hayes St., Norwich, N. Y.

I have enjoyed every copy of the Digest and can't help but regret that I will not have the next copy or two to read while at sea.—Gilbert King, American-Oriental Bank of Czechuen, Chungking, China.

I find that I have lost the May number of your wonderful little magazine from my files. . . . I find The Reader's Digest just the thing for an editor who has to read so much in so short a time. It is invaluable to keep on file for reference.—S. E. Frost, Jr., Miami Daily News, Miami, Fla.

It is of inestimable value to busy readers who wish to keep abreast of the time and well posted on up-to-date topics.—Charles Speedie, Co. Supt. of Schools, Nebraska City, Nebr.

The best magazine that comes to me. I want it "always."—M. O. Baltzer, 9 So. Main St., Randolph, Mass.

I am enclosing my check to cover a subscription for a friend of mine, who I am sure will find great interest in your little publication. This makes the third subscription of this kind, which ought to be ample testimony of the high regard I have for the Digest. I find it a great time saver.—R. A. Swink, Secy., Cleveland Advertising Club, Hotel Statler, Cleveland.

It was given to me as a Christmas present last Christmas, and I have told a number of friends about it since, because it is too fine not to share with one's friends.—Mrs. T. W. Warner, 891 So. Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

The only magazine of which I read every word.—Edward Walker, Ben Lomond, Cal.

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The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Vol. 5

SEPTEMBER 1926

Serial No. 53

Continuing the Rhodes Scholar Idea

Condensed from *The World's Work* (July, '26)

Oscar N. Solbert

QUIETLY, unostentatiously, a certain American gentleman recently inaugurated an international educational scheme which, unknown as yet to the public, will have a far-reaching effect on American foreign relations. Incidentally, it was one of the reasons for the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country in 1924.

The gentleman is Edward S. Harkness, and his plan continues the exchange of students between Great Britain and the United States begun by the Rhodes Scholarship Fund. Mr. Harkness realized that for the maintenance of British-American friendship, and for its translation into foreign relations, some personal contact between the younger generation of each country and the people of the other was necessary. With this in mind, Mr. Harkness persuaded his fellow-directors of the Commonwealth Fund of the value of the plan—but I am getting ahead of my story.

The assumption that similarity of thought and action follows upon common language and institutions often leads to dangerous errors in international relations. The common language, when spoken, even accentuates the difference between us. From the

time of the American Revolution our two nations have followed their own paths, more often divergent than parallel. It took the war to reveal the fact that in the final test our conceptions of freedom in international relations were the same, and that to preserve them we had to stand side by side. It is a fraternity of no mean strength that unites us in the memory of a great sacrifice. Nevertheless, it was realized that British and Americans, across the ocean, may misunderstand and even dislike each other.

One evening I attended a banquet of the American University Union 'n London, at which the Prince of Wales spoke. He made a significant plea in his speech when he said "I wish there could be a few British students at each of your universities and colleges that make up this Union, that we might better learn about your country and your people." I had an opportunity later of discussing with him this part of his speech, and found that he was enthusiastically interested in any plan that would give an opportunity of contact in work, study, and play between young British students and our people.

The Prince had decided to make another visit to the country of which

he had such happy recollections and with which he was anxious that his own should be on the friendliest terms. Such an educational plan had to be carried out by American initiative and American money, as the Rhodes Scholarship Fund had been conceived and put into effect by an Englishman. The Prince was more than willing to function personally as the head of the British selection board of such an educational plan. This would mean everything to the success of the plan in Great Britain. So it came about, and here is told for the first time publicly one of the objects of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the United States in 1924.

Soon after the Prince arrived Mr. Harkness was introduced to him, and they talked of the need for more contact between the British and Americans. A quiet luncheon was arranged, and later a long automobile ride. Mr. Harkness had been anxious for some time to try an experiment in international education that would have, besides its curriculum, a value in better relationship. The Prince was anxious to help obtain for the achievement of this experiment the most representative types of British student.

The plan finally adopted provides 20 fellowships each year. Each fellowship is for two years, with the possibility of a third being added when good reasons are shown. Candidates must be British subjects domiciled in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, and graduates of a recognized university there. They may be either men or women, and must be unmarried and under 30 years of age. The Fellows may go to any one of the 26 universities in the United States that are members of the Association of American Universities, with the single limitation that not more than three Fellows may go to the same university in any one year. An important provision is that each Fellow shall have at least three months' travel in the United States at the close of his first year of study. The approximate allowance for each fellowship is \$3000.

By the late summer of 1925 there were 20 students in this country, distributed from Harvard to the University of California. These young men are keen and intelligent observers, living and studying with the undergraduates of our colleges and with time and opportunity to come into contact with the people of near-by communities. Indeed, these outside contacts constitute a very important part of the student's life here. He sees what our society looks like at close range. Americans living their own lives in their own homes are vastly different from themselves off on a jaunt to "do Europe."

I am thoroughly convinced that the average American understands the British people and their problems much better than the British understand us. During the war Americans went to Europe two million strong. This experience taught them much about the British soldiers and their homeland, where many of our men trained. Since the war the annual exodus of Americans to the United Kingdom is greater than ever, and they live by the thousands in London and the provinces. American newspapers, even in our smallest cities, have comprehensive news and excellent editorials concerning British events.

The contrary is not true. The British do not travel in the United States, except in small numbers. They do not live here. British newspapers, beyond sensational items, do not carry regular news or enlightening comment on the growing nation across the ocean. Added to this is the fact that the United States is difficult to understand by peoples of the Old World, because it is a young country in the formative stages, made up of an influx of peoples of many nations, in spite of their development under many English institutions.

The Commonwealth Fund directors understood this. These men have substituted practical application for theoretical discussion. Every-day contact in work and pleasure is a sound way to mutual understanding.

"So You're An American!"

Condensed from The Independent (July 24, '26)

Harbor Allen

HERR PREISING, a newspaper editor in Berlin, introduced himself to me by exclaiming: "So you're an American." I had learned to look upon the phrase as one of sinister import; but we found that we really liked each other and, little by little, I came to feel at utter ease in the Preising home. They were charming, the Preisings.

They invited me to a new play which, to our amazement, dealt with an American woman of wealth married to a German Junker. The heiress, unhappy over the brutality of her husband, flees with her child to the United States, only to return in Act II, years later, with her Americanized son, grown to manhood. And now the fun begins. The boy chases the butler around the palace crying: "Hurry up, hurry up. Get a mooof on." He wears his hat indoors. He sits with his feet on the table. He carries a portable victrola, which, as he moves about, plays Irving Berlin's latest hymn to beauty. He flashes a golden pen and dashes off checks for a million or so.

"Delightful! perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Frau Preising after the show. "And that boy," she added, smiling up at me. "Wasn't he a *typical American*?" . . .

"Of course, I bought it. Everybody's reading it. Why it's the best seller in Germany today: *Mein Leben und Meine Werke* (My Life and Work), by Henry Ford."

"Yes, Trude, but don't you see, in America, among intelligent people Henry Ford is considered—well, nobody takes his *books* seriously. Whenever he expresses his views on anything outside of business and money, everybody with an atom of brains goes into convulsions. Of course, it's all right to read the book. Only don't go

running around afterwards thinking every American you meet is merely a smaller edition of Henry Ford. No matter where an American goes in Europe, he finds only one line of logic in the European's mind. 'Ah,' he thinks, 'so you're an American.' That means you have lots of money and no brains."

"But when we think of America," replied Trude, "we think of Henry Ford. Your painters are French, your novelists are English or Russian, your music is very sweet and insipid and nothing. And, consequently, what does Europe care for all of that? We have better painters, better novelists, better music. But what we *don't* have better is Henry Ford. When we try to produce a great captain of industry, he's like your writers and painters—an imitation. Ford shows us what America stands for: ignorance, materialism, bigotry, cultural sterility, I admit. But on the other hand, he stands for the genius of the American idea: force, energy, ingenuity, mass production. For good or for bad, he's your most representative, your greatest contribution to civilization." . . .

We were traveling in Italy. The compartment having grown sultry, I opened the door to the corridor. Whereupon the English woman humped up her prim shoulders and whispered to her husband. Before I could make a movement, he had reached across and banged the door shut. "If you don't mind," he boomed, with an aggressive look. I nodded, laid my paper aside, and strode out. Leaning against the partition in the cool corridor, I overheard the following dialogue:

She: What an unspeakably rude fellow. He couldn't have been English!

He: He spoke English. Foreign ac-

cent though. (After a pause.) Oh, the New York World.

She: One of those horribly vulgar American newspapers. Well, if he's an American, that accounts for his manners. They never have any. Taste and manners are two things you must never look for in an American.

He: Yes, they're rotters. Bounders, the whole lot of them. They oughtn't to let them ride on the same train with white men. . . .

"So? A real American?" they asked almost in unison; and immediately I was esconced in a sofa.

"The New York stage!" the bulky Munich actress ejaculated. "Tell me about it. I've heard so much of the revival of the theater in New York. Before the war I could have gone, but I scorned the offer. 'What?' I said. 'I go to America? I prostitute my art, my soul, before a lot of moneybags who have no discrimination, who make of Wagner a bazaar, a picnic, a gaudy display of diamonds. No. I stay here.' But now—you're an American; tell me, it's different now, isn't it?"

"America! America!" interrupted the painter tartly. "I'll tell you, there is no art, no feeling for art in America. What do you expect to find in a land that has no artists, no geniuses?"

"What about Sargent?"

"Bah! *Kleckserei*—daubery!"

"Well—Whistler, then?"

"Whistler? Second-rate French."

"But you said geniuses. There's Whitman," I insisted.

He nodded his head slowly. "Yes, Whitman. America's one genius. And, incidentally, America's the one country where they don't know it." . . .

Most people do not know that in the Torre dell'Orologio, on St. Mark's Square in Venice, there is a simple little *pension* where the food is inexpensive, the signora intelligent, and the view the finest to be had in Venice. The night it rained in torrents the signora unburdened her troubles:

"Before the war there used to be

such fine people coming to Venice. Not rich, you understand, but well read, cultured. They didn't need Baedekers. They knew what to look for here; they had read about it all their lives and planned for years to come. Now, that is changed. It's the *nouveau riches* that flock here now, to show off their styles, their diamonds. Heaven alone knows what they come here for. Certainly, not for what Venice has to give them: her age, her beauty, her galleries, her churches, her monuments of a great civilization. Ah, signor, these Americans that swarm all over Europe, they corrupt everything. They have no love, no reverence, no understanding. Money, that's all they have, money.

"*Pardone, signor!*" she cried, with a shamefaced expression. "I forgot you are an American." . . .

Choosing my subject, "The New America," I tried to explain to representatives of the Youth Movement what had happened in the United States during the last quarter of a century. The audience was polite but cool. When I finished I asked if there were any questions. Up leaped a young fellow with flowing hair and flowing tie and the pallid, dissipated face worn as escutcheon by artistic pretenders from the Latin Quarter.

"You talk of distinct American art, of distinct American life," he cried. "How can that be? You are not a distinct people. You are mongrel: Jew, Italian, Russian, Greek, Pole, Chinaman, Negro, Turk. How can you expect anything pure and great to arise from a mixture like that, from a hash of all the scum of Europe and Asia? Who goes to America? Is it the educated people, the fine people? No, it's the lowest classes, the people who don't know any better, who care only for money and comfort. And now you come over here and tell us about jazz, movies, machines, skyscrapers? You want to take our souls from us, our emotions, our love of freedom and beauty. You want to make us slaves to money. *A bas les Américains!*"

And then pandemonium broke loose.

The Greatest Tribunal in the World

Condensed from *The Mentor* (July, '26)

Mary Mayo Crenshaw

ONCE upon a time a man from the far, far West came to Washington and started out on a sight-seeing tour. When he entered the Capitol and was halfway between the Senate and the House he saw people turning in at a door. Lighted cigar in mouth, he started to do likewise.

A long brown hand was laid forcibly on his arm and a low but concentrated voice declared, "Boss, you cyant go in here wid dat in yo' mouf. Hit would be contempt ub co't."

"Contempt of cote?" queried the prairie dweller. "Now what's that?"

"Hmmm, right here dat's some contempt," came the mysterious whisper. "Dis here's de Supreme Co't ub de United States, and dere ain't no appeal fum hit. No, suh, no appeal—cep'n hit be to Gawd."

He was at the august portal of the most powerful tribunal in the world, the court of last resort for our country, the heaven of legal ambition. These nine justices, chosen for their legal learning and virtues, wield a mighty power, for their decrees can nullify a mandate of the President, of Congress or of the people, simply by deciding that it is unconstitutional. The Supreme Court is the incarnate voice of the Constitution.

From October to June, every week-day save Saturday, or when in recess for special occasions, the court convenes. The ceremony is touched with a subdued but traditional splendor. The gavel falls just as the benign head of the Chief Justice appears in the door leading from the robing-room. Those present rise reverently and remain standing. A thrill passes through the chamber. The swallow-tailed court crier announces:

"The Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States."

In they come, the nine justices, clad

in their rustling silk robes. Foremost walks the presiding justice and behind him, in order of length of service, follow the eight associate justices. They mount the platform steps and take their places, assisted in so doing by little page boys. The genial Chief Justice bows to the right and left, and those present bow in return. One feels a strong desire to sing the "Star-Spangled-Banner" or to say one's prayers; but does neither, for the sonorous voice of the crier is again lifted:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business with the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting."

A brief pause. Then: "God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

The attorneys at the bar and visitors resume their seats. The great court is in session.

The courtroom is semicircular, with arched ceiling. Along the straight side is the platform where, before the crimson curtain, are placed in a line the comfortable armchairs of the justices, with that of the Chief Justice in the center. He is a commanding figure as he sits there, our Chief Justice—the only man who has ever officiated on the east portico of the Capitol on the Fourth of March, in the two capacities—as oath-taking President, bending to kiss the Bible, and as oathgiving Chief Justice, extending the Bible to be kissed.

Before the judges is the long bench on which are laid the records, briefs and papers of the first case to be considered. All such must be printed. In front of the platform, on a crimson carpet, stand the desks of the Attorney General, the Solicitor General and counsel and of the reporters. If you look closely you will see a row of crossed

quill pens on each. These survive along with the snuffbox in the Senate. We still have English blood in our veins and hesitate to give up our old customs.

Around the semicircular wall of the chamber, between gray marble pilasters, are eight busts of former Chief Justices. There is Jay, the first Chief, appointed by Washington two days after he had signed the Judiciary Act. One remembers that Jay resigned after six years in order to undertake what he considered a higher dignity—the governorship of New York. A few years ago Hughes resigned from being governor of a far greater New York to become an associate justice of the Supreme Court. Other days, other ways!

There is Waite. Once, deeply absorbed in legal matters, he went down to take a train and discovered that he had brought no money with him. He explained to the ticket agent, "I am the Chief Justice of the United States."

"Strange," the disillusioned ticket agent sneered; "two claiming to be Cabinet officers have already asked me to pass 'em to-day. Those tales don't go here."

The trip was imperative and a later train would not answer the purpose. In despair Judge Waite turned to a barkeeper opposite the station. "Would you be willing to cash my check?" he began doubtfully.

"Sure," was the ready answer. "I've seen your picture many a time. You're the Chief Justice. Come right in."

Though their present quarters are constricted the justices have never encouraged the idea of change. For here they are among the sacred traditions of the great speakers who have made history in this room—Clay, Webster, John Randolph of Roanoke, too many to enumerate. It is told of Webster that his fame for eloquence had so preceded him that the clerk in his eagerness to hear him, forgot to swear him in, and that thus he was the only man who has pleaded before the court without taking the oath.

At two o'clock the justices retire for a half hour to partake of their mid-day meal, which 's served in the rob-

ing-room. Each man has his body servant, one of whose duties it is to bring his master's lunch from the Senate restaurant. There was a time, some twenty-five years ago, when the justices used to disappear one by one behind the curtain on the platform and eat while listening to evidence.

A rigid etiquette prevails in the Court observances, which are jealously guarded. It is preferred, though not insisted upon, that counsel wear black coats, and they usually appear in cut-aways. A careless appearance would mean a tap on the shoulder and a notice to go home and dress properly. The silence of a cathedral prevails, save for the voice of the attorney arguing the case or an occasional question from the bench. From anyone but a justice a laugh is unknown. The court officials watch sharply to see that silence and order are maintained.

Scarcely less imposing than the justices themselves are the colored attendants, who jealously hold their office until death, when it passes, not through rule but through custom, to their next of kin. An example of this was the late Eugene Brooks, who served the court for fifty years, beginning as a messenger and ending as head man in charge of the robing-room. When Brooks died the Chief Justice and some of the associates went to his funeral, and his place was given to his son. The devotion exhibited by the court's servants is most impressive.

So much for the court in its own bailiwick. As regards its position in the world of society General Washington settled that from the beginning, when he announced at a state dinner in the executive mansion, "The Chief Justice of the United States will sit at my right hand." The Supreme Court takes precedence of Cabinet officers, of senators and congressmen, of everyone, in fact, except the President and Vice President.

Here in this austere chamber the figures change but the spirit never. Here, truly, is the home not of men chiefly but of principles and of ideals. For this is the citadel of tradition and of integrity.

Does Mussolini Mean War?

Condensed from *The World's Work* (August, '26)

Frederick Palmer

NO man since Napoleon has created such personal power over a nation as Mussolini possesses. Where will he lead that power? Is his talk of reestablishing the ancient Roman Empire only fervid propaganda to fire the spirit of his people? Or is there method in his Caesarian pose, the method of a very realistic preparedness, and behind it the impulse that may bring war?

Consider, first, industrial preparedness. Mussolini realized that if Italy would be great again she must be transformed into a beehive of coordinated industry. She must compete in the markets of the world. And today she has a rapidly increasing merchant marine that is surpassing that of France and Germany. The output of her shipyards will make her second only to Britain in shipbuilding. . . . Italy lacks the coal mines of Britain and Germany, but she has water power in the Alps to exploit.

Nowhere in Italy must there be waste motion, idleness. The dictator, who says the word and it is done, ordered a plan to end strikes. Labor and capital should each have its fair share, which should be fair because Mussolini had chosen the experts who would decide what was fair. Any one who disputed their decision should have to deal with the Black Shirts.

Industrial expansion is not only the salvation of overcrowded Italy, but it means more war power. Already, it is reported, Mussolini's plan of preparedness assures sufficient arsenals and munition factories and reserves of raw material to make her independent of imported munitions in case of war.

Mussolini has blooded the Italian Army—not to mention 200,000 trained Fascisti—with fresh ambition and zeal. He has reorganized it on expert

lines. Promotion awaits the energetic and able. The elderly and inefficient who now have no political influence, have been weeded out. There will be ten military schools. The pay of officers is to be increased. Former socialist, Mussolini wants officers of a higher plane, an officers' caste. All this, and much else, follows the plan of the Prussian military machine.

The Navy is having the same overhauling. Powerful submarines are being built; target practice and maneuvers are thorough, and failure penalized. The air program calls for a force second only to that of France by 1931. Today it is third in Europe.

Another supreme form of preparedness is the will that springs from the spirit of a people in a war fever. Consider what Mussolini has built into the Italian mind! He is a son of the people, passion of their passion in a passionate land. His organizing ability enabled him to take possession of a government by force. He is the exponent of force.

Mussolini had imagination. He became a people's imagination. He recalled to them that they had not always been under-dog. Once they had ruled the world. He summoned back the glory not only of the Caesars but also of the cities of the Renaissance. Italians have made a discovery which give them a patrician glow. They have an ancestry.

The Italian should again be the upper-dog if Italy followed Mussolini. He chastened an indolent bureaucracy, expelled the old time politicians, and brought order and discipline. He was giving proof. And when his guns flashed at Corfu in 1923, Italy saw that Mussolini had brought \$10,000,000 in tribute home to Rome. More proof. Mussolini was the world's big man. He had taken the Kaiser's former

place in world headlines. As if by magic he had made Italy a great power. He was "*Il Duce*" as Napoleon was "The Man." He won the same plaudits in speaking of his "iron hand" as the Kaiser won in speaking of his "mailed fist." One may well ask if Europe must always have a sabre rattler? Succeeding a line out of the dawn of history came Louis XIV, Frederick the Great, Napoleon I, Bismarck, Napoleon III, and then William II. Each brought on wars.

Each man of destiny has been a great actor, and knew how to personify racial ambition and character. Mussolini is the hero of the old aristocracy as well as of the masses. Any dissenters at present are held in line by fear and mass pressure. He reaches out to the Church to strengthen the sabre hand with religious zeal. His is the appeal of the Crusader as well as of the patriot. The combination makes a fanatic will and burning loyalty, and dwarfs dare giants' tasks.

When we consider the spoils of the World War, Italy, in a tactical sense, need not complain. Austria no longer threatens from the North. Germany is too distant to threaten: France checks her, as she checks France. What British guns at Gibraltar have been to the entrance of the Mediterranean, the Italian air force and submarines are now to the passage of the Mediterranean. Past the sole of the boot peninsula the British must go to Egypt, to Mesopotamia, to Suez, and to India; and past it France must go to Syria and to Madagascar.

Greece and her small islands are open booty to superior Italian forces. Near-by, Albania, which was once Roman, is easier prey. Beyond Greece is Turkey, also a part of Caesar's dominions. Italy encourages Rumania's friendship by making the loan that France refused. The other Balkan states may be kept preoccupied, and they have no more naval power than has Turkey to arrest the transport of Italian battalions on the Mediterranean.

Under the Mussolini spell, the Itali-

ans talk frankly of expansion by force. Such a state of mind may seem a grand travesty seven years after the World War; but it is sober realism to more than 40 millions of a great race galvanized by Mussolini indoctrination.

The "hero of Fiume," d'Annunzio, whom Mussolini made a Prince, holds that the Turkish Empire of old, Albania, and the eastern Mediterranean shores are Roman by right. He calls for the attack as the duty of Italy. But let us quote Mussolini himself, on his recent visit to Tripoli: "I declare to you that when these cannon thunder, it is really the voice of the fatherland that speaks. . . . We need land, for we are too numerous for our present territories."

Again, he spoke of his visit to Tripoli as "a manifestation of a nation that derives its blood from Rome and that shall carry Rome's triumphant and immortal fasces to every shore of the Afric sea. It is the hand of destiny that guides us back to our ancient possessions. No man can defy destiny, and above all, no man can resist our unshakable will." Bismarck with his "blood and iron" and the Kaiser with his "mailed fist" never used stronger language than does Mussolini.

Against this we may set his declaration that his imperialism has in view only the peaceful development of Italy. We may grant his sincerity in this respect as we granted that of Napoleon and Bismarck. Napoleon, placing the crown on his head, would stabilize Europe in a new hegemony centering around his throne. Mussolini, too, has given the promise of victory. Can he escape using his legions for fulfillment?

Mussolini's censorship and control of the press only increase the dangers of his one-man power. In case of unrest or dissension war is always a unifying motive. Prepared modern armies and navies, with airplanes, strike swiftly. Old established democracy may smile at Mussolini's Caesarian clowning, but the prospect, to one who studies precedents, is not pacific.

Is Our Oil Inexhaustible?

Condensed from the Scientific American (August, '26)

J. Bernard Walker

THE underlying trouble with the petroleum industry is that the law of supply and demand, which governs all other industries, is inoperative in this. But we must not imagine that any monopoly exists. Far from it. Indeed, such keen competition exists that today it is becoming increasingly evident to the oil industry that, for the stabilization of the industry; for the placing of oil recovery upon a practical, scientific basis; for an equitable distribution of the oil based upon surface ownership; for the elimination of the present enormous waste, both of oil and capital; and, above all, for the maintenance at all times of a generous reserve of oil, it is necessary that what has come to be known as "unit operation" be established in the industry. In other words, cut-throat, grab-all-you-can competition must give way to mutually cooperative drilling.

Under the present methods, the work of oil recovery is being done on the principle of "first come, first served." As soon as a new well is brought in, there is an immediate rush to buy up the adjacent surface lands and drive down wells with all possible speed to tap the fruitful sands. More often than not, the free gas is allowed to go to waste; for it is the oil that the drillers are after. No effort is made to preserve the gas pressure, and consequently, only a fraction of the oil is recovered, leaving in the ground a vast amount that could have been brought to the surface if the wells had been properly spaced, as they would have been under a cooperative unit system, and if care had been taken to maintain the gas pressure at the highest possible limit.

Gas is the most important agency in the recovery of oil. From the first

rush of the giant geyser to the last barrel that is brought up by pumping, it is gas pressure and gas pressure alone that is the great expelling agent.

The oil is distributed in the microscopically small interstices of the rock sands. It is under enormous pressure and the pressure is maintained because of the strata of gas-tight rock which lie above and below the sands. A proportion, in some cases a large proportion, of the gas is free, but the greater part is condensed in the oil. Under present methods, little or no care is taken to conserve the gas, and therefore the pressure, in the sands. As the gas escapes, the ability of the remaining gas to expel the oil falls rapidly. Furthermore, the gas condensed in the oil renders it more fluid. Oil may be so rich in gas as to be as fluid as gasoline. In this condition, it can be forced freely out of the sands; but as the gas escapes, the oil thickens and flows with increasing reluctance. Hence it is that, under the present wild methods of operation, after the first great rush and escape of gas and oil, the yield dies away so rapidly that, when the last barrel of oil that it pays to lift has been pumped, 80 per cent of the oil remains gummed up, as it were, in the sands.

Even with unit operation, it is doubtful whether the recovery by drilling and pumping could be much more than doubled. It is probable that 50 per cent of the oil would still remain below ground. Hence, a great deal of thought has been given to the problem of recovering the oil by some more effective method, and the most promising plan is that known as the Ranney Process. Realizing that gas pressure is the great expelling agent, Mr. Ranney's system seeks to maintain this

pressure unimpaired until practically all of the oil has been expelled.

Briefly stated, Mr. Ranney's method is this: a shaft is driven down through the oil sandstone into the shale or other impervious rock below it. From the bottom of the shaft, a series of tunnels is driven through the underlying gas-tight shale. Holes are drilled at short intervals through the roof into the sandstone, and they are connected with an oil pipe-line within the tunnel. The gas pressure is maintained by means of compressed air pipes which lead into the upper portion of the sandstone. As the lower parts of the sand are drained, the oil settles down from above under the influence of gravity and air pressure. The oil is led to a vacuum pump, by which it is lifted to the surface.

The main shaft of the system is driven in the center of a 40-acre tract, which is the unit of operation. The tunnels with their mine wells are placed around the edge of each unit, and since these little oil drainage wells are spaced about ten feet apart, it follows that there are 528 wells through which the oil from 40 acres may be recovered.

In view of the naval, military and industrial interests involved, it is positively appalling to realize that the oil industry is literally "living from hand to mouth." We have been using up our oil as though the supply were an ever-flowing river instead of a cistern of absolutely limited capacity. Under the present free-for-all scramble, the rate at which the cistern is being emptied is increasing at an ever accelerating pace.

It required 41 years to produce the first billion barrels of oil; it took only eight years to bring in another billion barrels, and only one year and seven months were required for the seventh billion to be brought to the surface.

Let us remember this: there are five states—Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—whose oil-bearing areas gave as rich promise for the future as does the area we have left. Nevertheless, although the rate of

consumption was then but a fraction of the consumption of today, these prolific fields were drained out in a comparatively few years. No one can offer a sound reason for believing that we shall get a greater proportionate yield from the oil-bearing territory which is left. And it is reasonable to believe that under the exploration, for years, of thoroughly trained oil geologists, the most promising fields have already been exploited and the richest pools drained away.

The fact that the supply of oil has hitherto kept pace with the rapidly increasing demand, is due to the accidental finding of some enormously rich pools, such as those in California and the midwest. Over 300,000 wells are producing about 2,000,000 barrels a day, but about 25 per cent of these wells are dry holes and it is said on good authority that in the banner year—1923—over \$91,000,000 was spent in drilling dry wells throughout the United States. In 1924, James McIntyre, writing in the *Oil and Gas Journal*, showed that in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana, 4779 test wells were drilled on untested leases, and of these, 2382 failed to bring up any oil. In 1924, Marland, writing in the *National Petroleum News*, stated that the American petroleum industry, since its beginning, has sold its oil for \$4,900,000,000 less than it cost to drive the wells and lift the oil.

The continuity of the oil industry is dependent upon the accident of bringing in a flood of oil from wells of enormous production. "In August, 1923," says J. D. Sears of the U. S. Geological Survey, "half of the production of the United States was coming from only 3500 wells in eight oil fields. The other half was coming from 275,000 wells scattered throughout the rest of the country." Less than two per cent of the wells yielding 50 per cent of the oil.

If that two per cent had not fortuitously been brought in at the "psychological moment," where would our industry have been?

Nipping Trouble in the Bud

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (August, '26)

Lena K. Sadler, M. D.

MOST disorders of health can be prevented, *if taken in time*, and it is the purpose of this article to point out how many of our health troubles can be "nipped in the bud."

Take such a little thing as dandruff. If dandruff persists year after year, you can be pretty sure that baldness will come apace. Any treatment that will help the scalp rise above the dandruff level is pretty sure to be helpful in saving the hair.

Take loss of weight. While worry and nervousness can bring about a very sudden loss of weight, it would be safer to suspect that some real physical disorder was responsible, and a thorough examination should be made to locate the basic trouble. Sudden loss of weight between 40 and 50 might indicate malignancy somewhere in the body. Earlier in life it might suggest tuberculosis, and that is a disease which, if taken in time, is one of the most easily cured of humanity's major afflictions.

Now, about fatigue: Nine times out of ten fatigue is merely the physical manifestation of brain lag and nervous exhaustion. However, as diabetes, tuberculosis, and many other diseases are often accompanied by fatigue, an investigation should be made to find out what is its cause.

Take rheumatism, which, like headache, is not a disease, but merely a symptom of certain disorders. Rheumatism is a danger signal, which, together with neuralgia and neuritis, means that infection is harbored at some place in the body, and an effort should be made to find the source of this infection, and remove it. Rheumatism usually suggests infection either in the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, appendix, gall bladder, or some other place.

While warts are entirely harmless, moles and other skin tumors which are easily irritated should be promptly and properly removed, as sometimes in later life they may become malignant.

In passing, let me say that there are many "false alarm" symptoms which, as a general rule, do not mean anything. Insomnia, for example, is seldom indicative of any serious disorder. Dizziness is a common symptom, but nine times out of ten it means nothing serious. Numbness is another. Queer feelings in the head and wandering pains frighten others. Now, pain can't be very serious if it moves around. Minor pains in the heart, more particularly palpitation, are usually merely the result of stomach gas pressure.

It is in connection with the symptomless or so-called "old-age" diseases that trouble is able to sneak up on us unawares, and undermine our health. Hence, the desirable habit of going to your doctor and dentist for a thorough examination once a year. Most "old-age" diseases cast their warning shadows ahead, so that a physician can detect the tendency in time to do something of real value by way of prevention.

People are criminally careless of their health. What would you think of an engineer who never inspected his machinery until a breakdown occurred? And yet you can replace neglected machinery. But when your vital organs once go stale, if an organic change has taken place, you are up against it. The set of vital organs you are born with are those you will die with.

An old schoolmate, Mr. Brown, dropped in to see us socially one evening. He said, "What a fuss you doctors make about examining well people!"

I told him about men who thought they were in perfect health, until the life insurance doctor turned them down. Finally, he asked to be examined the next morning, although he assured us he was in splendid health. The examination the next day disclosed two serious facts: his blood pressure was 190, and he was suffering from Bright's disease. He refused, however to believe that anything serious was wrong. He went right on with his business, and in less than six months was stricken with apoplexy, and died—43 years of age. From what Mrs. Brown told us later, it was perfectly apparent that Mr. Brown died prematurely from three preventable causes: infected teeth and tonsils, habitual overeating, and kidney trouble.

I believe that overeating has far more to do with high blood pressure and kidney trouble than the eating of any particular kind of food. High blood pressure sufferers should not only cut down on their meals but should also subsist entirely upon oranges or milk one or two days a week. . . . The kidneys are often crippled during some affliction like the "flu." It is advisable, after any spell of sickness accompanied by fever, that the urine should be examined, to see if the kidneys have come through all right. Kidney trouble is often caused by going out too soon after a cold with attendant fever. The drinking of too little water also brings about premature kidney trouble.

Probably the greatest influences operating today to bring about premature hardening of the arteries and death from old-age diseases are to be found in the teeth and in diseased tonsils. Rheumatism and subsequent diseases of the arteries, kidneys, and the heart can often be traced to poorly crowned teeth, imperfect dental bridges, and faulty pivoted teeth.

Lastly, I want to summarize personal practices which increase your vital resistance to disease.

Bathing: Keep the skin clean and active. In the case of low vital resistance, train the circulation to react to the morning bath.

Nutrition: Keep your weight normal. If you are overweight, you are predisposed to pneumonia and many other disorders. If underweight, you are likely to invite the attack of colds, and other disease-producing germs.

Exercise: Seasonable exercise increases vital resistance. Overwork and fatigue invite disease, and greatly lower it.

Outdoor Life: Proper periods for work or play in the fresh air and sunshine are of inestimable value in increasing resistance to disease.

Pure Water: An abundance of good drinking water throughout the day assists in keeping the blood purified and the white blood cells in fighting trim.

Avoid Taking Poisons—either in the form of drugs or as part of your food and drink. I refer to alcohol, tobacco, and even tea and coffee, when excessively used.

Courage and Confidence: Fear and depression are disease-producers. A clear conscience is a wonderful health asset.

The White Blood Cells: Human blood contains two forms of cells—the red cells for carrying oxygen, and the white cells, which seek out and destroy germs. The germ-destroying function is interfered with by over-acidification of the blood. Excessive meat eating and most all of the forms of drugs which are used, contribute to the over-acidification of the blood. The toxins absorbed from bad digestion and chronic constipation also serve to lessen the activity of the white blood cells.

On the other hand, the white cells are encouraged in their action by short cold baths, and by improving the alkalinity of the blood. Hence, in case of colds and other minor infections, we advise patients to take a level teaspoonful of soda stirred into a glass of lemonade or orangeade. The soda habit, however, should be regarded only as an emergency measure. The proper maintenance of the alkaline reserve of the blood should be preserved by a diet which allows the liberal use of dairy products, fruit, and vegetables.

College Men in Big Business

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (July, '26)

A. W. Armstrong

IF Big Business protests mainly against the college man's manners and his impatience to advance [See "Are College Men Wanted?" Reader's Digest, July, page 199], the college man's charges against Big Business are more numerous, if not always so substantially founded.

The first jolt the college man receives is when he finds he is no longer in college. Cut loose from a set curriculum and marks, he flounders around in the chaotic world of business, assailing it for the lack of direction it gives him. He complains, "What's ahead of me? That's what I can't see?" Not a glimmer has yet reached such a man that his power to see this will be the measure of his progress; that business leaders have largely developed their strength through hewing their own paths, and through just such a dark maze as he himself faces.

It is, I imagine, the illusion that he is still at college that leads the college man to ask, during his business novitiate, for many special privileges. He is accustomed to a more flexible institution. Being of the age when his friends are marrying, he often, for example, asks for a few days off to run out to some city near or far, to act as groomsman. To the Big Business executive, the young man's innocent request assumes, especially if made in the busy season, almost monstrous proportions. Only the college man, he declares, expects such privileges. The college man, not yet thoroughly acclimatized, has not learned that the trivial may loom large in the inner life of a great organization. I know one unusually capable young college graduate who seriously, if not indeed irreparably, damaged his future

when, on being offered a post in a distant city, one that marked definite advancement, asked whether he might not delay two or three weeks in order to act as attendant at a local wedding.

Not the least of the shocks from which the college man must recover is his discovery that even Big Business is unbusinesslike. He has been led to believe that great business organizations proceed almost invariably by well-thought-out policies, by virtually error-proof methods, from triumph to triumph, instead of, as in fact, muddling along with one flash of insight and then another to carry them through their welter of waste and costly mistakes. For four impressionable years the young collegian has heard Big Business exalted; and the wounds of his first disenchantment are slow to heal.

In many directions he is all at once let down. In nine cases out of ten he finds his work too easy. Most colleges have courses sufficiently stiff to exercise the best brains. A fair proportion of the "best brains" are passing each year from college into Big Business, and with a starting business schedule so light in comparison with the work previously expected of him that the college man quickly becomes restive.

Of his illusions, the very first, however, to be shattered is in regard to the loyalty he has assumed existed and to which he has so often heard glowing reference. The college man, the first day, is turned over to Mr. X, a minor executive. Mr. X turns him over to subordinates who are to familiarize him with the work of the department. Before closing time the college man has heard half a dozen times what is considered more important than anything else

that the newcomer should find out: "Believe me, there's no chance for a man in *this* company." By the end of his second day he has learned that Mr. X himself has little faith in the company's opportunities.

If filled too full of "disloyal" talk, he becomes discouraged, severs his connection after a few months, and enters another huge and famous organization where he finds, to his surprise, exactly the same thing. In the course of several years, if he continues to change from Big Business to Big Business, he has ceased to be affected by talk of the sort, and has begun to realize that men who fail to rise rapidly must blame something, and can most plausibly blame "the company." He has begun to realize too that the number of men of first-rate ability whom Big Business fails to recognize is negligible. He sees, on looking back, that the men who sneered at "the company" on his first day were men who had gone as far as their own limitations permitted. These discoveries, however, the college man makes after he has been somewhat seasoned, instead of during his first year, when they would have been of most value.

A Big Brothers Association as a part of Big Business would, I fancy, pay dividends. For one thing, it might make the college man understand why a dull ear is so often turned to his cherished proposals. Every year young men enter Big Business genuinely competent to show it where it may save or make thousands upon thousands of dollars. But to secure and hold the attention of an executive long enough to convince him of the value of a proposal, and convince him to the point where he is ready to act on it, is a vastly different matter. Could the college, along with its courses in cost accounting, the psychology of advertising, economic geography, statistics, and merchandising, have placed more emphasis on a human and personal art vitally important to the collegian's future?

Solely chargeable to the college

man's youth is his tendency to regard any given Big Business as more or less a finished product. Deceived by its mass and momentum, he can hardly conceive himself making a dent on its stratified surface. He studies the organization chart and pictures his own progress as conditioned by the death or removal of a long line of superiors on the same branch to which he adheres, as yet a mere twig. What he does not see are the changes that will be wrought in this chart, the branches to be grafted where branches never grew before. Even less does he vision those potentialities within himself that may alter the chart's whole aspect. No superhuman task. After all, Big Business is not the growth of ages. It is barely emerging from its own first year.

The most serious indictment the college man brings against Big Business in its present stage of development is that the men who have shaped Big Business have themselves been shaped into forms he wishes to escape. The college man is still keenly sensitive to human values, not easily taken in by mere outward importance. He examines his leaders, their views and their ways, with detachment and frequently with distaste. But has the college man sufficiently discerned that the authors of "Business is Business" missed his own early unclouded chance to perceive that Business is Life? It would be a pity if the college man, with his broad outlook, and Big Business, with its rich experience, should grow in distrust of each other.

"But there is no adventure in Big Business," the college man still insists. "There is too great certainty." On the contrary, there is no certainty at all, but a heroic hazard for the man who is determined that, if it shapes, it shall not misshape him. And if he decides to take a hand in reshaping Big Business itself, he will find play for all the inventiveness, the courage that has gone at any time into human achievement.

When Farm and Factory Team Up

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (July, '26)

Dr. Charles M. A. Stine

TODAY the farm is no longer an exclusive producer of food. Factories are consuming food products and waste products from the farm, which are transformed into materials and substances which in no way resemble the original crop.

The chemist is demonstrating in industry today that the vicious cycle of agricultural overproduction and waste may be changed into a benevolent business cycle by transforming corn, wheat, cotton, rye, barley, milk, wood, straw, husks and bagasse into a thousand and one commercial products—from motion picture film, shoe horns, printer's ink, glue, wall board, dynamite, floor coverings, airplane "dope" and radio parts, to articles resembling marble, metal, leather, ivory, silk, pearl and linen.

Two years ago in an article in *Nation's Business*, Julius H. Barnes asked: "Does agriculture have to rest its future in the hope of expanding the individual stomach consumption? Cannot a large part of farm acreage be devoted to raising those things called for by industrial production? The buying power in industry is one of the marvels of the economic history of the world. How can you reach America's vast buying power to the advantage of agriculture?"

The chemical engineer is answering these questions today by producing fertilizer for the farm in order that the farmer may grow better and larger crops; by utilizing, in turn, millions of tons of farm products and waste materials in the manufacture of useful articles, which the farmer can use in his home, on his farm implements, his automobile or his barns. Most of these commercial products find an even greater market in our urban centers so that "America's vast buying

power" is being opened to the farmer via the factory.

This cooperation has been going on for several years. Today the rayon, marble, metals, fibers and finishes produced industrially from farm products have not only increased the farmer's markets, but they have added new values to other products.

Today we are on the eve of another epoch in our national development. Unlike the coal age, the iron age, the oil era, the electrical and chemical periods, this new era will find the manufacturer, the farmer, the colleges and universities, and the great industrial laboratories coordinating their efforts and creating additional commercial products from agricultural waste materials.

In 1875, when Senator Hammond of South Carolina declared in the United States Senate that "Cotton is King," he little foresaw that the chemical engineer would some day extract oil from cotton seed, or make guncotton out of cotton linters. Neither could he know that the development of nitrocellulose manufacture would result in the development of motion picture film, synthetic ivory with its thousands of applications, both purely artistic and highly utilitarian, imitation marble, artificial tortoise shell as beautiful as the original, but better adapted to the requirements to be served.

Nor could he know of new finishes for wood and metal surfaces of everything, from fine furniture to Pullman cars, and from children's toys to automobiles, coverings for floors and walls, upholstering materials for automobiles as well as for furniture, solutions to be found in every drug store designed for the quick temporary repair of cuts and abrasions of the human flesh, and dozens of other new products.

The latest reports of the U. S. Department of Commerce demonstrate conclusively that one of the biggest potential markets for the farm products of the United States in 1926, as well as in coming years, will be the "factory stomach." O. M. Kile said recently, "American agriculture is in that unfortunate transition period during which it produces too much food for the home population, yet it is so far removed from the pioneer stage as to be unable to compete successfully with the newer lands in supplying the bread and meat crops for the immense foreign markets." This will not be the case as the farm and the factory are brought closer together by the chemist.

Factory consumption of corn today exceeds our corn exports. One agricultural authority estimated that, in 1923, industry consumed 280,000,000 bushels of corn. Today, as a result of the new commercial products which have been developed, it is much larger. The Department of Agriculture lists 92 commercial products, other than food-stuffs, in making of which corn plays an indispensable role as a solvent.

Chemists have performed even greater miracles with cotton. Chemists can put "kick" enough into a bale of cotton to sink a battleship. The story of the chemists' achievement in transforming wood pulp into rayon is now told in our public schools. When the war ended, one of the problems facing the du Pont Company was that of making use of its war guncotton plants for peace-time products. Long before the armistice, however, our chemists were busy with cotton experiments, but not until five years later did they produce a new and completely satisfactory finish for automobiles and furniture.

The use of nitrocellulose or casein in the production of such materials as tiles, substitutes for marble, metal and the like is well known. It might be added that today a number of large industries use nitrocellulose solutions,

as well as rubber, for coating and water-proofing textiles.

If the chemist can do such things with corn and cotton, and by-products such as corn cobs and cotton seed, what may he not do with other agricultural products if he continues to labor along the line of developing uses for cheap, readily available products of the farm? Mr. Barnes was right in believing that the factory can be linked to the farm, but the leadership will not come from the farm ranks, but from the factory laboratory.

Great industries themselves are being benefited by the cooperation of agriculture and industry. One of the outstanding reasons why the majority of the leading automobile companies were able to keep up their production schedule during 1925, without proportionate increase in factory acreage, was because the body manufacturers could turn out more bodies in less time with their present equipment than they could have done had they been forced to continue the old paint and varnish or baked enamel processes. Where it formerly required as many as 28 days to finish one body for a fine car, the same work is now done in less than a week, with resulting savings in overhead costs, capital investments, etc., which were passed on to the consumer in price reductions. Railroads, and industries producing furniture, pianos and the like, have had the same economical results.

Beyond doubt, we are on the threshold of an era in American business which will have vast social and economic consequences because of our increased ability to utilize what have hitherto been regarded as waste products, and to fabricate from cheap materials of limited usefulness a host of varied and dissimilar products for improving the health and prosperity and increasing the happiness and facilities for recreation, not only of this nation, but of the world at large.

Manners for the Emancipated

Condensed from *The Bookman* (August, '26)

Irwin Edman

OF late there has been in evidence a radical transformation in our whole attitude toward manners. Indeed, among many free minds there is coming to be a fixed belief that manners instead of making the man may unmake him. The graces, one hears, soften a man's virility into elegance and smooth his strength into gentility. The '90's are in some quarters scorned less because they were naughty than because they were "nice." The he-men in literature and thought have tired of anything that recalls the silver salvers of the drawing room.

The attack against the genteel has of late been led by the liberals. Culture and elegance, which from the Renaissance down have been considered indispensable partners, have latterly in our time and country been at war. The Renaissance conception of the gentleman has come to be at a discount in an industrial, democratic, disillusioned, postwar society.

Culture in England and, until recently, in America meant what Matthew Arnold meant by it: sweetness and light. It meant the graceful and leisurely pursuit of wisdom, the urbane conversation of generous minded and well groomed men of the world. It is a code of life that was born and nourished in manor houses and on stately lawns in England, or among the fountains and marble groves, the poplars and cypresses of the villas above Florence. It is in the best sense a leisure class ideal, and a leisure class ideal has come to seem increasingly remote from the concerns and the applause of a hurried industrial society. In the contemporary scene one is an old fashioned gentleman at one's peril. It is worth our while to examine the reasons why the ideal of the scholar-gentleman has come into disrepute.

Education in the first place has ceased to be the special privilege of a lounging leisured class. The elements of a decent education have become the daily pabulum of miscellaneous millions, not the guarded good fortune of a select few. And measured by the standards of the million, other virtues have come to the fore than the aristocratic ones of grace, bearing, and gentility. We have begun to value edge more than mellowness, and precision more than charm.

But it is not merely the passing of the old gentry that has brought the revolt against "manners." In the heart searching that followed the war, the free mind learned to look with suspicion on all the faded appurtenances of gentility. The Victorian "parlor" seems now to have been the coffin of the soul; life seems there to have been embalmed. To the liberal the whole code of courtesies and reticences of prewar days seems to have been the cloak of a cruel, self blinding honesty, a smug evasion of the disorder that was the outer world and the tumult that was the inner spirit. Families have in service to the altar of good taste been kept unhappily together, and young lives crushed into conventional servitudes. In the drawing rooms of the '80's the whole world was talked of as if it were as smooth as the drawing room itself.

Where the elegancies and reticences have failed, the newer generation is all for trying a little unashamed candor.

Contemporaneous with the break up of the old social order, came the rise of the new psychology to give an impetus to plain speaking and stripped thought. Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, May Sinclair, and others, have been inviting

us to an honest, open eyed questioning of those opiate niceties by which the truths of our being are dimmed. The biographers, led by Lytton Strachey, have called us to the spectacle of great lives shorn of their veils and seen without rose colored lenses. The essayists, Havelock Ellis pointing the way, have asked us to view the clear radiance in which our lives might be set if we would only slough off the tutored falsities, the futile formal suppressions, of an artificial order. The soul of man, from the viewpoint of the emancipated, must express itself in its natural passions and unashamed lusts.

In certain quarters rudeness has come to be almost a symptom of intellectual integrity, an insult a form of bravery. The cultural ideal has, to put it in language that will be familiar at least to New Yorkers, moved from Gramercy Park to Greenwich Village. By the codes of the codeless, the truth, however impolite, must be blurted out; the respectabilities, however sensible, must be flouted; the dank places of the soul, however nasty, must be exposed. The emancipated lean over backwards in their attempts to be free.

No one, I take it, would resume the old niceties of the '90's in literature and in life. Much has been gained by brushing away the old pruderies and timidities. No one would exchange the candor in the speech—and eyes—of contemporary young men and women for the polite evasions and drawing room reticences of an earlier day. And yet, there is something in the passing of the scholar-gentleman ideal that seems clear loss. It is this, perhaps: that disregard for style (what we call manners in people and taste in letters) has led to a genuine impoverishment of our civilization.

That warm kindly culture which is the essence of the best intellectual tradition has a curious attractiveness in an age whose culture has become strident and cold. It is silly to suppose, as do the latter day disillusionists, that the clear mind and the gentle heart cannot march together. It

does not hurt candor to have a civil tongue in its cheek, nor must one use a bludgeon because one is crusading for the good. Even Havelock Ellis, for all his plea for freedom, hymns praise to the Chinese in whom the problems of manners and etiquette have become the nicest and subtlest of arts. When all the cruder issues of civilization will have been settled, when there are no more wars, when people are properly fed and clothed and governed—what remains to be done in such a millennium? Surely nothing but to make of life a humane art, to turn the daily songs of men and their personal relations to each other into something continuously warm and fine and beautiful.

Those who scoff at the elegancies and courtesies of life are falling victims to the same Philistinism against which they are avowedly battling. They have no time, no patience, for those gratuitous refinements which give life flavor and distinction. When we eat, we demand a pleasant prospect; there is no less nutrition in food because the table is garnished with roses. There is a sound instinct in the yokels who pathetically buy and live by the books of etiquette. At least they know that style of some sort converts mere brute existence into a kind of beauty. The intellectual life is no less lively because it is set occasionally in the lovely ceremony of high tea on an English lawn in spring. Even the truth can be stated without ugly words, nor must one have ugly manners to find it or battle for it.

If the genteel ideal is out of date, it is not altogether to the credit of our age or of its belligerent liberals. The essence of good manners, generosity of spirit, a sense of style and a sense of proportion, these are the essence of all art. They are the essence of the art of life. It is a tragic comment on our scurrying industrial society—and on the intellectual life it generates—that the most gracious of all arts is coming into disrepute.

The Social Arctic Circle

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (July, '26)

Mary Lee Davis

"**D**O you ever see the sun at all?"
"Is your house an igloo?"

You see, I have been living for eight years in a little town of far interior Alaska, a town that snugs itself up against the Arctic circle very closely. When I go back to the States, to my friends in Washington, in New York, and Boston, I find myself a curiosity. I am pelted with questions such as the above, for Alaska seems to mean even to the most educated and cultured people in the States only the lost and gone Alaska of Klondyke days (and the Klondyke isn't a part of our American Alaska at all, but is in British, or Yukon, territory).

Because I do so love Alaska I am truly hurt to find it misunderstood, just as one resents the misappreciation of a dear friend by a casual stranger. For Alaska today, though perhaps not a woman's country, yet appeals strongly as a great challenging personality to a certain type of woman—the woman who has in that old-fashioned and today seldom-mentioned portion of her, once called a soul, some hand-down of the pioneer strain. There are many women in Alaska today, women of all varieties, women such as you and I—and others—and between us we are doing a part in making over all the old Alaska that once was into an American colony of homes and children and schools. We are beginning to have no little and gentle hand in reshaping this vast wilderness of raw empire material into something livable and shapely; just as Pilgrim mothers in another century had their hand and say-so in the shaping and settling of another equally supposed wilderness in the far-away colony of New England.

Our little town sprang up in the days of the gold rushes, a quarter-century ago. A group of cabins stag-

gered along a winding river-bank has gradually become a village, with a church or two, a school of parts, a bank, a movie theater, streets that know some regularity, a power-plant, and stores that are really grown-up trading-posts, for raw furs and gold-dust are still taken daily over their counters as media of exchange from trappers and prospectors. When we came here first, my mining-engineer husband and I, our household goods had to follow us by steamer from Seattle to St. Michael, at the mouth of the Yukon River, and then up-stream 1400 miles by slow stern-wheeler craft, a matter of many weeks. Quite as many indeed, as the Pilgrims one time took in reaching Plymouth.

Unlike the Atlantic, however, our Yukon opens for navigation only four months in the summer; and time was when we were almost completely isolated for the other eight months. The recently completed government railroad which now reaches our town has eliminated many of the former hardships.

"How cold?" In winter, sometimes 75 degrees below zero. I have myself seen a spirit thermometer at minus 68 Fahrenheit. But houses are sturdily built, fuel is plentiful and not too costly, the air is clear and clean and dry; and during the Deep Cold, as old-timers call temperatures below minus 40, in our wide interior valley the air is absolutely still, so still indeed that it seems as though the very earth itself had ceased its spinning and was held poised in planetary wheeling upon a silent axle-tree.

In November comes the first Deep Cold, and you can plan for it almost to a day. Your log cabin is securely chinked. Your wood-pile is high. The coal-bin is full of coal that comes from only a few miles distant, for our whole

country is munificently underlain with excellent coal. You are prepared, ready, expectant. The cold, when it does come, will not fly out at you in a vicious blizzard, nor swoop down unheralded in a pneumonia-breeding "spell."

The thrifty housewife bespeaks from hunters early in the fall a quarter or a half of moose, half a caribou, and half a mountain-sheep—the finest game meat in the world. Her husband cuts these quarters of meat into roasts, chops, and steaks, and lays them out on shelves in the cache, with slips of paper between. By next morning, for it is now November, the meat is frozen solid. Nothing can now harm it. No ice bills, madame, no butcher boy, no middleman and his obnoxious profits—only Alaska's own bounty and Alaska's own conservation policy.

Would you have a choice dessert? During the afternoon take a pint of cream, beat it stiff, stir in a small jar of strawberry preserve, place it in a pyrex dish on a shelf in the cache. By dinner-time you have a luscious ice-cream—no ice, no salt, no freezer to clean, no crank to turn. Alaska's own! Or bake your Christmas pies in mid-November, a dozen fat and juicy ones, as I love to do—a whole morning an orgy of floury rollings and fruity flavors. Then, while yet steaming hot from the oven, whisk the pies out into the cache. When frozen solid, steamy aroma and all, stack them in orderly piles and cover them with a clean cloth. Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year dinner-times, when you thaw and brown them, piping hot and flaky, crisp, will bring your due deserts for this forehandedness. And there is no better tenderer of pie-crust than is frost, as any expert pastry-cook will confirm. Try it!

Though we do sometimes keep chickens through the winter, they are a real care, for not only must their houses be thoroughly heated but lighted also, and with electricity at 25 cents per kilowatt hour, that is a very heavy expense. With chickens in the dark winter months, it is a matter of no light, no eggs—and what is more, at the end of the season, perfectly

good dead chickens! Two and a half dollars a dozen was the accepted winter price for fresh eggs when I first came to Alaska. Case eggs carried over the winter, as was necessary before the coming of the railroad brought them to us by year-round express and parcel-post, were opened with prayer—or a gas-mask!

But there is summer, too, often not more than three full months, but oh, so intensive, and so beautiful, so luxurious, so gleaming in opal lights, so exuberant in vegetation! Alaska is a land of terrific contrasts, and this infinite variety is undoubtedly a part of her charm. There is no real spring here, and no long Indian summer, as you in the States know it. There is only summer—and then winter. From mid-May to mid-August the moon and stars are literally forgot, and we never know darkness at all; for three full months the sun swings in a vertical circle to the north as though twirled there in space by a great invisible arm; now high, now low to the hills, but for the entirety of the summer the sun is *there*. And all life responds with energy to 'the primordial life-giver. The gardens fairly burst and pop open, the plants can actually be seen to grow. The little cabins of log, so long blanketed in great white snowy hoods, become almost overnight the warm rustic background for a clambering mass of nasturtiums and sweet peas. People eight months without green things feed ravenously upon the first lettuce and radishes.

Though it seldom rains for long periods in summer, our precipitation being approximately that of Southern California, the ground is nevertheless well-watered; for the winter frost is thawing from the earth and coming up through the roots of new plants, and feeding them invigorating draughts. While it lasts, the Arctic summer is literally a bit of heaven, for night, as marked by darkness, ceases to exist for all that time, and luminous air, brilliant sky, and fertile earth conspire together to create beauty. Wild flowers in riot, berries galore, delectable mushrooms, the finest fish in the world fresh-caught from streams that

feed themselves from inexhaustible ice-fields, and 24 hours of pure daylight to revel in and choose for your own!

Quite naturally there is no normal life here during the summer. The miners work all 24 hours of the day, trying in three hectic shifts in three hectic months to "clean up" all the gold-bearing gravel mined during the long winter months underground. After being shut in for so long (although we all go about the town when necessary even in the coldest weather, and children set out alone for kindergarten when it is not below 40) every one feels the pressing need of spending each waking moment in the open. Our 1200 townsmen own 400 automobiles, and so no person need travel afoot. If you prefer to sleep during the warmer noon hours and take your playtime in that cooler part of the day which would otherwheres be night, all very well and good. Picnics that start out at midnight are not here what they sound to be, but perfectly decorous and daylight adventures, partaken by young and old alike.

"How warm?" The day President Harding was with us registered 92 in the shade, and there were three heat prostrations. Another day of that July of 1923 it was 98—still dry, however, and crystal clear—not 98 as we used to know it in Washington, when eggs were cooked on the avenue pavement!

"But how about water?" Water is a curious problem in our part of Alaska. There is a world of it, and yet good drinking-water is sometimes hard to get right in our town. This situation is due chiefly to the mental attitude of the early settlers here. These first came as adventurers, frankly on the make, to win an easy fortune in the gold-fields, and then return to old homes "Outside." But most comers necessarily drew unlucky numbers in that soul-testing wrack-some lottery of the stampedes. Many would not return home empty-handed to confess a failure, and Alaska papers today invariably run a column every so often, called The Port of Missing Men, in which are printed the scores and hundreds of letters from

relatives, describing the son or husband or brother, who "went to Alaska in '98, and has never since been heard from." Such letters tell their own story of tragedy. Many more prospectors have fallen unwittingly in love with this vivid land of paradox, and remain captive and enchanted but still imagining themselves free agents.

But without exception our earliest settlers had the feeling that they were pilgrims here upon a foreign shore, and until quite recently there has been no material change of view-point on the part of most of our citizens, no sense of permanent dwelling. Only a very few of the homes here today have any arrangements for either water-supply or drainage. Our own well is 68 feet deep, and extends through frozen strata to a supply of excellent water that underlies much of our town in a mysteriously "thawed" area. We have an electric automatically controlled pump, a large attic tank, and a very complete sewage and water system of our own, including hot-water heat. Indeed our house is so well built to withstand cold, with double windows and sawdust-filled double walls throughout, that during many of our winters in the north we have burned less coal than have friends in houses of similar size in New York—and paid considerably less for it.

But with most of our people every aspect of householding has been more or less of a makeshift. Consequently, there are houses in our town where, although two days' work of an unskilled laborer would mean a steady supply of water, the inhabitants have been buying this precious thing at two cents a gallon for 20 years. The depth and intensity of the frost in winter makes anything like a year-round municipal supply of water impracticable, and consequently two watermen make their rounds daily, and water-signs are hung out and water-barrels filled as they were at the time of the gold rush. In winter the water is carried about in a tank on a sled, and in the center of the sled is a separate compartment occupied by a vigorous stove, that puffs away in the very midst of the water-tank.

We who live within the Circle of the Arctic are made constantly aware, especially in winter, that we have staked out claims not only in a highly mineralized land area but also in a highly electrified atmospheric area. This has its effect upon our daily lives in strange ways, influencing our mental and bodily states equally. In winter there is so much static in the air almost constantly that one cannot walk across a room and touch another body without generating a long, snappy electric spark. Our Airedale soon learned this, much to our amusement, and when he comes to us across the wide Bokhara of our living-room, he invariably turns his head aside and down, as he snuggles to be scratched, knowing that otherwise his black wet nose will receive a bee-like sting.

In winter, too, no one dares to clean a silk or woolen garment in gasoline. Two women of my acquaintance have been burned to death in so doing. Just the friction of lifting the material from the gasoline bath produces such sparks in the surcharged air that an explosion almost invariably occurs. Our little town has been forced to pass stringent laws about the storage of gasoline in winter, for we keep on using our cars even in the most severe weather.

Our doctors here in the north tell us that the continued Deep Cold has, in time, an appreciable effect upon the constituents of the blood, thickening it to a degree. For certain winter months we have an almost complete absence of sunlight, and so lose completely the well-recognized actinic values of direct sunlight upon the skin and its curative agency. During November, December, and January, we suffer most from that surcharge and tension due to the prevalent static.

By February the more nervously organized of our camp become scratchy, tense, irritable to a degree. By the end of March we are most of us avoiding and hating one another!

I have since learned that all this is a yearly phenomenon, and that it will pass surely and quickly with the break-

ing of the ice in the river, in late April or early May. But there are always the March scandals. Some one in camp can't endure the stresses and the tension, so the dam of conventional restraint is broken, and we are all submerged in the ensuing flood, quite as surely as the Yukon yearly overflows its banks. To tell the truth, "the spring scandal" brings us a blessed relief, something to speculate over and discuss, and, in the miners' phrase, to pan.

Then the ice breaks in the river, some one of us wins a fortune in the ice pool, and with spring comes a truly new life to citizens and countryside alike. Neighbors who have not spoken for weeks greet one another on the street; on Memorial Day every one plants garden; the sun is now with us constantly to repay us full measure for the desertion of midwinter. All the birds of the southern hemisphere seem to have come to enjoy summer with us. On June 22 we declare a holiday to do honor to the midnight sun, and a ball game is called for 12 midnight. And the tennis-courts back of our home are reserved for games all 24 of the clock's hours. We are truly in heaven here, for there is no night, but only a warm, continuous, glowing day.

Beautiful as all this seems to us in contrast to our winter, many of us still love the winter months the best, perhaps for their unspeakable eerie mystery of faery light, a light that is not that of sun or moon or stars, but a witchery of illumination peculiar to this King-Frost's palace where we live. On the northern horizon the winter long is that phantom dancing light of the aurora borealis, burning keen through the cryptic night. And sometimes, the entire sky from rim to rim is filled with flames of the aurora, darting, writhing beams of snaky colored light, ribbons of red and yellow, and sometimes of an other-worldly weird electric green, with streaks of an elfin violet dimly seen, that snap and fling over the whole heavens in a terrific spectacle of celestial conflagration.

Home!

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (August, '26)

A Returning American

I HAVE just returned home after a winter in England. I have crossed the water many times; but never before have I been so startled on reaching my native shore as I was a fortnight ago. Has America gone crazy, and where is this bacchanalian orgy to end?

The first thing that struck me was the infernal noise. My hotel in London was a few hundred feet from the two busiest streets; yet day and night it was as quiet as my country place here in America. With a third-floor front room I could sleep with my window open and not hear a sound all night. At my usual excellent hotel in New York, although on the twelfth floor, I could get no sleep unless I closed the window. Fire engines shrieked, surface cars roared, motor-car horns honked and honked without intermission every hour of the night. There is absolutely no need for this nerve-racking bedlam of noises unless people really like it. The street traffic in London is as heavy as in New York, yet it moves as swiftly and as silently as a river. One rarely hears a horn blown. The people prefer quiet, realize its value for the human system, and have enough control over government to secure what they want. It is illegal even to whistle for a taxi, and no one does whistle. London is at once the biggest city in the world and the most quiet and restful. This love of noise is among the most symptomatic features of American life today. Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane.

Another contrast, forcibly impressed upon me, was the respect for law and order in England as opposed to the utter breakdown of law and of protection afforded to the citizen by his government in America. In New

York in one block I saw three armored cars, with machine guns and armed guards, transporting valuables. In London, while I was there, a steamer arrived from South America with five millions of gold. At the dock it was placed in an open dray, and driven to the Bank of England with no guards of any sort. Respect for law and order, as shown in the recent strike of five million men, pervades all classes in England, and the law is always enforced.

On the other hand, in England, one's private life is remarkably free from interference. One can dress, marry, read, say what one pleases, and in general express one's personality in one's own way of living. In America I am more and more impressed with the growing restraint placed on individualism in private life. It is not necessary to stress Prohibition. Restriction is becoming evident in every direction. Each group forces all its members to become as alike as two peas. The men all dress alike, think alike, talk alike, lead almost identical lives. The lawyer, the broker, the merchant, feel that they must wear the clothes, have the manners, and think the thoughts that are supposed to conform to the generic concept of a prosperous, conservative business man. Failing in this, they may be considered queer, if not "Red," and may lose business. An editor of a well-known paper told me he could name a half-dozen financiers who could introduce any social custom into all the country clubs and club cars on suburban trains around New York in a month if they gave it out that such and such was what a successful business man should do. This may be exaggerated, but it ex-

presses a profound truth about American life today.

Organized bodies and even the law are taking a hand in the game. In the last year or two, legislatures have passed laws as to what shall and shall not appear in histories. More laws have recently been passed against the teaching of evolution. I read today that a powerful organization has been formed, one of whose purposes is to drive from the pulpit of every evangelical church any preacher who believes in evolution.

Again, what struck me was that the pace has become so terrific in this country that money must be had at any price. On every side I am struck with the orgy of expenditure. Even in this quiet country village where I have my country place, there is not a farmer or mechanic who does not drive a much more expensive car than I do. Cars, radio sets, vacuum cleaners, motor lawn-cutters—any sort of machine that takes their fancy—are to be found in the homes or garages of these village farmers, mechanics, or small tradesmen. One wonders where they get the money and how long such a condition can last.

England is still simple. In my London hotel, which has a royal suite occasionally used by royalty, there is no running water in the bedrooms and the only heat is still the open coal fire. Yet there were quiet and peace and genuine comfort that I am unable to obtain at double the price in New York. When one comes in tired late in the afternoon, it is after all more restful to sit in front of an open fire than to gaze at a radiator. On a table at my side was a whiskey and soda for further solace. The evening paper was automatically brought to my room by the page with a pleasant greeting and no expectation of a tip other than his modest one at the week's end. Instead of having to waste 15 minutes and ascend a boot-black stand in public whenever my shoes needed shining, they were at-

tended to at night with no waste of time or energy on my part. Small matters, but all tending to reduce the wear and tear of life.

Yet, as far as simplicity is concerned, it was the children who struck me most. I am fond of them, usually observant of them, and incidentally have young English cousins, though my family has been in America for 300 years. In England the children are still children. They play with simple toys, they tramp the moors with their fathers, they go in for the simpler sports which have not been professionalized. They may have bicycles, but they do not dream of automobiles and the more expensive machines of all sorts. In this seaside village the country boys no longer care for swimming, or, indeed, for anything except cars and radios and all that costs money. And they get them. Again, after watching the simply dressed English children I am staggered at the amount and costliness of the American child's wardrobe.

One gasps, when one comes home, at the fantastic increase in both the scale and the cost of living, and one wonders where the situation will end, and how much real happiness the new scale of living is bringing to people. Americans, now highly industrialized and living the most extravagantly luxurious life of any people, still cling to the frontier ideal that any young man should be able to support any girl, and that a dowry is "un-American." That was all right when all he needed was an axe and a pair of strong arms. But now a father who deliberately accustoms his daughter to foolish luxury expects her to be happy when she leaves a home where the scale of expenditure has been \$40,000 a year to scabble along, without even a cook, on \$5,000 a year for her family. And it is not every young man who can offer a girl even that much. The result is no marriage, late marriage, or a soul-racking

(Continued on page 302)

The Gift of One Common Tongue

Condensed from The Survey (Graphic No., August 1, '26)

Colonel J. C. Breckinridge, U.S.M.C.

MUCH of the wastage of the world is caused by lack of understanding. In our efforts to promote peace and its arts it seems folly to overlook so simple and easy a device as agreement upon a common medium of expression. Our civilization reminds me of the Tower of Babel. This does not mean that all nations should speak a single tongue, but that it would simplify human intercourse if the nations would agree upon one tongue to be used in addition to their own. Think of the time saved in the study of languages, and the better understanding that would follow in the interests of commerce, education, human relations and peace.

In 1916 I was crossing Siberia. One evening I became interested in dinner, and spoke to the conductor. He looked as though he were undecided whether to put me off or lock me up. After a time a swarthy individual was ushered in by several helpful passengers, and he addressed me in what was evidently Italian. I replied in English and in French, and then in Spanish. He understood that tongue, and answered my questions. There was an Italian, who had been in Russia for many years, translating from Russian into Spanish, for the benefit of an American! I do not know how many other languages he spoke, but they were useless in this particular case, as were the French and German of the American.

Several days later a bearded individual was put into the compartment with me. His first effort at conversation was in Russian. I replied in English, and he shook his head. Then he tried another. I caught the sounds of "*por Polski*" and answered, this time in French, saying I could not speak Polish. He then spoke in a tongue I was unable to identify, and I shook my head. Next he whispered:

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" I admitted that I did, but mentioned the fact that there was in Russia a fine of 2000 roubles for speaking German during the war. He said that did not make any difference if nobody heard it! The point here is that our understanding was found in the German tongue, and the study of all other tongues was, so far as we were concerned, wasted effort.

A Dane boarded the train at Omsk. He did not consider himself a linguist, although he was accustomed to transacting business in English, Russian, Polish, French, modern Greek, "a little Turkish," and "naturally in Norwegian and Swedish because I am a Dane," and "of course everybody has to know German." Consider the years of that man's busy life that had been necessarily wasted in fitting himself to conduct his business!

When the war broke out I was in Norway. One day a Frenchman and two ladies attacked the head porter with a volley of language. They seemed to be in a frenzy to get information about a certain train. The porter waved his arms and spoke in Norwegian. I asked him if he understood German. He did. Then I asked the questions the French family had been asking. In a few moments the situation was clear. In order that two people could exchange ideas and information it took three races and four languages!

I was first impressed by the complicated problems of language about 30 years ago. I was traveling in Europe, probably in Germany. In the compartment with me were three men of whose nationality I am now doubtful. Somebody started speaking in languages none of the others understood. As I now recall it he tried to open conversation in Danish, Norwegian and Swedish. That makes three languages.

es. Another spoke in Russian, and at least one other language that I could not identify. That makes a total of five languages. The third man was an Italian or a Greek; he spoke in both languages, and in Turkish, I suppose, because he kept mentioning Constantinople; he also spoke in Spanish. That makes four more languages, and a total of nine. I tried English, French and German. This makes a total of 12 languages that were spoken by four men, and they could not understand each other!

Whenever there is an international gathering the language must be agreed upon, and then there must be interpreters. The agreements, treaties, decisions, etc., must be made in the language agreed upon and then translated into every language that is represented at the gathering. Will the Americans get the same meaning and sense from their translation that the people of Japan, Italy, Bulgaria, Germany, Siam and all the confused mixture of nations and races get from theirs?

There is in our civilization too much room for differences and misunderstandings. Too much effort is required for the bare necessities of comprehending. Human beings cannot engage in commerce and make agreements until they understand each other. In the same way that the telephone, telegraph, cable and radio bridge the physical distance that separates man from man, so would a common language bridge the mental distance that separates mind from mind. My suggestion is not to replace any language, but to agree upon some one language as a means of common international communication, to the end that in commerce, diplomacy, politics and society at large, there would never be any necessity for any one to learn more than one language in addition to his own. But what language?

English is too complicated, and too unreasonable in its method of spelling. Again, French, German and Italian could not be agreed upon, because of opposition on the part of all the others. To select one of these might unbalance some kind of a bal-

ance, a balance of commerce, balance of power, or a balance of prestige somewhere.

For many years English was the trading language of the world because the English people did more than any others to discover and develop foreign trade. Just before the great War the German tongue was making rapid advances, keeping pace with the expansion of German trade. Since then however, English has regained its old importance. By common agreement French is the generally accepted medium for diplomatic intercourse, although here, too, the growing political power of the English-speaking nations has caused their language to menace French. The point I wish to make clear is that the rise and fall of any language has always been due to the political and commercial power of the country to which it was natural, and this shifting condition will continue to an increasing confusion until the use of some common language is sensibly agreed upon by a majority of nations. Efforts to solve the problem by an artificial language, such as Esperanto, have proven fruitless.

I suggest Spanish as the supplementary language to be encouraged in all other countries and for these reasons: 1. It is the easiest and simplest of all languages. 2. It is flexible, expressive and musical. 3. It is already in use in many of the most important and growing commercial areas in the world. 4. Spain is not so great in the world of commerce, industry, wealth, politics and power as to have the selection of her language opposed on any of these grounds, or for any of the reasons already suggested.

The first thing to do is to agitate such a step, to get people interested in it. It does not seem impossible that the numerous leagues, conferences and assemblies that are already in existence for the furtherance of peace should make it their concern. It would facilitate commerce, social relations, and harmonious well-being and so doing would help to remove one of the chief causes of misunderstandings.

Can We Have a Beautiful Race?

Condensed from Physical Culture

Albert Edward Wiggam

This article is reprinted by request from the February, 1922, issue of The Reader's Digest.

THE laws that govern the evolution of plants and animals apply to man. We can have any kind of a race we want—beautiful or ugly, wise or foolish, strong or weak, moral or immoral.

The whole question lies in what we can induce people to *want*. Greece wanted beautiful women and got them. Rome did the same thing. The Dark Ages wanted ugly women and got them. The Renaissance wanted beautiful human beings and got them. We want ugly women in America and we are getting them in millions. Three or four ship loads are landing at Ellis Island every week.

The moment we lose beauty we lose intelligence. Every high period of intellectual splendor has been characterized by "fair women and brave men." You can measure the nobility of any civilization by the beauty of its women and the physical perfection of its men. In the glory period of Babylon, Crete, Phoenicia, Egypt, every evidence of history assures us that the women were of a high type of beauty. When Alexandria was mistress of the world's learning, she was likewise the home of art. And the home of art is always the atmosphere which breeds the beauty and charm of woman. The noblest type of womanly and manly beauty the world has known dates back to days of Grecian greatness. Horace and Vergil sang the beauty of Rome's noble women.

On every hand one may see the association between a high type of womanly beauty and a high type of art and culture. The better classes, the higher types of skilled workmen,

the intellectual and professional sections of the population as well as the "mere millionaires" simply *are more beautiful* than the lackadaisical, the thriftless, the day laborer and the ne'er do well.

Go into backward sections of the United States. Where there is no vision of beauty the very physical beauty of the people perishes. It is even reflected in the very ugliness of their animals. I believe with Secretary Coburn of Kansas that "you can't raise high class hogs from low class people." Scrawny hogs and scrawny people go together.

Henry Ward Beecher gave this advice to a young pastor on choosing a pastorate: "The first thing you should look at is *the horses*. You will find that handsome, intelligent people and handsome, intelligent horses go together. If you find that the people drive in rickety wagons, with scraggly scrubs of horses, get out of there at once. You can't save those people's souls for they have no souls to save."

It is only people with beautiful souls that ever develop beauty of face and manner and form. And with these come grace of manner and all that makes living an art instead of a mere existence.

If you doubt that the sort of women that men learn to admire does have its influence upon the very figure and physical appearance, as well as mentality of the race, just take a look at the farmer women of East Prussia. Hard work for generations has broken down the delicate, lovely, high strung, beautiful girls and either killed them or else destroyed their beauty so early in life that they failed to get husbands. In addition, when men put their wives at hard labor, or economic

conditions compel them to do so, the men themselves grow to admire only that type of woman that is built like a draft horse.

I have studied thousands of women unloaded at Ellis Island. They are broad-hipped, short, stout-legged with big feet; broad-backed, flat-chested with necks like a prize fighter and with faces as expressionless and devoid of beauty as a pumpkin.

These women are giving us nearly three babies where the beautiful women of old American stocks are giving us one; hence, the beauty of the American women will steadily decline.

If we can educate children to love and admire and *want* that which is good and beautiful, they will *want* that kind of men and women. We have not educated our young men and women how to pick out good husbands or wives, and do it unconsciously. If ideals of beauty and intelligence are in the minds of the people beforehand they will unconsciously reject the ugly and stupid and find their happiness only in people that are lovely and of good report. Professor William James said that the final aim of education is to teach us "to know a good man when we see him."

Not one man in a hundred is a judge of womanly beauty. We could do much to improve the human race in health, vigor and energy by cultivating men's ideals of beauty in woman. It is not solely beauty of face that makes a beautiful woman. It is a combination of *all the elements of vitality, idealism and energy* that shine out from the human body, and express the real beauty within. It is not altogether mere regularity of outline nor a wonderful complexion, nor a face that is commonly described as pretty. *It is commonness that makes ugliness. It is character that makes beauty.* People who are always making you think of somebody else are not beautiful. Beauty is individual and distinctive.

The "homeliness" of Abraham Lincoln has become a sort of tradition. I

heard an artist say recently in a lecture: "Students of art have now come to regard Lincoln as representing one of the highest types of human beauty. Perhaps his lanky, awkward figure would not give him a blue ribbon at a beauty show. But that is because they are thinking of Adonis or Apollo as the *only type of human beauty*. Artists have come to the conclusion that especially in Lincoln's face there is a majesty of outline, a dignity and nobility of contour, a sweep and distinction in the lines and a definition of character and a great soul within that stamps Lincoln as one of the most beautiful specimens of the human race. There is not a commonplace line in his face. Of course the beauty of Apollo and the Greek heroes is the beauty of spring days, of nature leaping with joy and of running, shouting waters. But Lincoln's beauty is the beauty of mountain peaks and rugged fastnesses and in his energy you see the beauty of the ocean storm."

Beauty is *not* only skin-deep. Bodily beauty is as deep as the human soul. It is the revelation of character. True, some famous beauties have perhaps not been great women. But nearly every great man or woman has been beautiful. I believe that every woman of character shows beauty somewhere in its infinite revelations.

Again, it is not true that "most beautiful people have no brains." All the studies that have been made show that beauty and brains are in quite a high degree associated. It has also been shown that people with brains are usually better morally than people with empty heads. Further, people of high ability are also people of abundant energy and vitality. And Sir Francis Galton, the great founder of the science of eugenics, has proved that energy is the most distinctly inherited character we have.

Every increase of beauty in the race will mean an increase of bodily and mental energy; that in turn will result in an increase of the spiritual virtues and an expansion in the whole moral output of the race.

The Synthetic House of Tomorrow

Condensed from The Nation's Business (August, '26)

Gerald Wendt

TODAY wood is precious even beyond its price. Our disappearing forests are needed for a host of chemical products. Wood is rapidly taking its place as a unique and valuable raw material which, like coal and petroleum, cannot indefinitely be used for the crude purposes of heat, power and construction.

The possibilities of steel as a domestic building material are just being realized. A number of model homes have recently been built on steel frames, and steel plates for walls have much to recommend them. Certainly when the corrosion problem has been solved and the new lacquers, such as Duco, become universal, steel dwelling walls will be irresistible, combining the strength and safety of factory construction with the sanitation of the Pullman car and the beauty of the automobile. Our present stone and wood construction, made prehistoric almost overnight, will pass out swiftly as the carriage did.

But it is in the interiors that the most startling changes will come. Walls, wall coverings, floors, woodwork and furniture will all be composition, or synthetic materials. For one example, take the molded plastics or resinoids, such as bakelite. For each of their present thousand uses there will be another thousand in a few years. Today, speaking of domestic uses only, they can be discovered everywhere as ash trays, door-knobs, lamp pulls, electric switch plates, drawer pulls, percolator handles, casters, picture frames, radio panels, and toilet seats. And tomorrow will come resinoid furniture. Desk-tops and dresser tops are already on the list.

By a new photographic-lithographic process the surface appearance of actual wood, be it mahogany, walnut

or oak, can be so perfectly imparted that a wood expert can scarcely distinguish the product from wood. No fire, no deterioration, no limits to decoration, finish or shape—obviously such a material will replace wood for all furniture and interior fittings. It is superior to wood in every respect except weight, and that may be overcome by hollow moldings, possible because of its great strength.

And what are resinoids made of? Two simple chemicals, formaldehyde and phenol. Natural gas, coal tar, and wood distillation products are the raw materials. It is an ideal case of using these great natural resources for their highest value, *i. e.*, as chemical materials. It is a symptom of the future.

Floors will have a composition base, of course, whether concrete, asbestos or other stone substitutes. Even concrete is now tinted to give effects that no natural stone can equal. As for floor coverings, today's linoleum is quite a different thing from what we used to see. The artificial leathers and pyralins which are now used for automobile tops, seats, and artificial ivory can be adapted to any taste. Sanitary, noiseless, warm, gay or quiet in color as desired, they will replace not only wooden floors but the rug and carpet as well. These again are cellulose or wood products.

Another cellulose product is rayon—artificial silk. Five years ago who would have predicted that a woman's daintiest clothes would be made from wood? Yet behold her today—clothed in wood, dyed with coal.

Our house, then, with concrete foundation, steel walls, synthetic stone floor bases, surfaces of rubber, leather or cellulose compositions, draperies and curtains of rayon, furniture of

molded resinoids, does begin to look synthetic.

The wall surfaces, whether plaster, steel, textiles, or resinoid panels, will be made permanent by a coat of one of the new cellulose lacquers, sprayed on, quick drying, and permanent. For house-cleaning just a sponge and water; for redecorating, in case the passing generations tire of the same old walls, just a sponge and the right solvent to remove the finish. Even the rayon draperies will be sprayed with lacquer and washed with a sponge. The completely synthetic house need never be dirty and can never burn. At the same time the architectural and decorative possibilities are greatly enhanced because the finishes are capable of infinite variation in color, texture and design. Finally, construction costs will also decrease either because of standardized interchangeable parts, as in the case of steel, or because of easy methods of application. The only person who needs to worry is the high-priced carpenter.

There will be much more glass—itself a synthetic chemical product. Modern medical research has demonstrated overwhelmingly the healthful action of sunlight, and especially of the violet rays which our present window glass shuts out. Thousands of hens are increasing their winter egg production by spending their evenings under electric lighting. Even inert and prepared foodstuffs are enriched in certain vitamins by exposure to ultra-violet light.

So we shall have new glasses which are transparent to these healthful chemical rays. Our houses will have sun-rooms, which probably will be on the roof. As we substitute wood beams with steel the old steep roofs will disappear. Their only purpose was to shed or carry safely the heavy loads of winter snow. Steel or concrete buildings will have flat roofs, hence increased usable space, and usually a sun-garden, light bath, and open-air sleeping quarters on the roof. If man learns from the chickens he may even

increase his vigor by sleeping, unclothed at night, under powerful ultra-violet lights.

Our indoor lighting is hopelessly inefficient. But even today we have materials that are 100 per cent efficient in light transmission. These are the various phosphorescent materials like barium sulfide and zinc sulfide. When properly prepared these will take up large amounts of light energy, and will re-emit all the light when placed in the dark. More study, a little improvement, and presto, we shall have cheap luminous paints to take up sunlight by day and light our houses by night without consumption of power. They will be used for ceilings, of course. . . . When these materials are cheap, they will be applied to the concrete of our streets and country roads. Each road would be a ribbon of soft natural light. It is the only answer to the headlight nuisance.

With the lower cost of electric power will, of course, also come a complete use of many electric conveniences, such as vacuum cleaners, electric ranges, electric domestic heating systems, electric refrigerators, and brine-coolers for each room, electrically operated to cool the summer air.

The next stride to be made with the radio is the development of the transmission of moving pictures. Single pictures are already being sent across the air by this method. When a more sensitive photo-electric cell is developed a picture will be transmitted as rapidly as the movie can flash it on the screen. I expect not only to hear the inauguration of the next President in 1929 but to see it, by radio. The next war will be seen and heard around the world *at the moment it is taking place*, and the stay-at-homes will at last learn what war really is. The house of the future will have a movie-room, or, a *news-room*, where, by a turn of the dial, we shall be able to tune in and look in on Los Angeles, Miami, London, the North Pole or the ringside. It will be the triumph of science.

Gutter Literature

Condensed from The New Republic (February 17, '26)

Ernest W. Mandeville

HAVE you looked over the wares displayed on an average newsstand lately? If not, there is a surprise in store for you. Within the last years or two a whole new type of periodical literature has sprung up in this country—most of it new in substance and all of it new in that it is now displayed openly where anyone may walk up and buy. The simplest, most accurate phrase by which to describe it is "gutter literature." Taken in the mass, it represents a social phenomenon of decided importance, which merits far more attention than it is getting.

These magazines fall into various groups. One of the commonest is the risqué story group. It consists exclusively of fiction, corresponding more or less to what the "French farce" is on the stage. The formula on which these stories are based is well standardized, though variations in outcome are permissible. Let a woman be exposed to a sex danger, either at the hands of a brutal and unscrupulous male or under the excitation of her own passion. She may then either successfully resist the aforesaid dastardly male, or may succumb to the compelling passion. In either case (and here is the meat of the matter) the author must see to it that she emerges a better and nobler woman because of the experience she has undergone.

I do not know how I can describe the general tone of these magazines better than in the following words of one of their editors. The document is quoted in his letter of instructions to his authors:

"I want to stick to elementals—sex-elementals—the things closest to the hearts of the average woman or girl. Above all, I mean to lift the moral tone of the magazine. Characters may do

anything they please but they must do it from some lofty, or apparently lofty, motive. If a girl falls, she must fall *upward*. I am particularly partial to the story attacking conventional morals, exposing their hypocrisy and pointing to a higher standard. I also like stories of 'bad' women who, judged by a higher standard, are really quite good."

A few titles from magazines of the risqué story group indicate their general atmosphere:

RED EXPERIENCES WITH MODELS

ONE, TWO, THREE—OUT! One man leads to another in the hectic life of the pretty flapper.

APHRODITE'S GUESTS. If you've forgotten your mythology, Aphrodite—more widely known as Venus—was the hot momma of goddesses.

The ten chief exemplars of this sort of thing last year reached a combined circulation of a million copies of each issue. And they are still growing.

Another new and enormously popular periodical is the "confession" magazine. Its contents are invariably written in the first person. They are labeled genuine, though in reality they are, of course, produced professionally under formula. Since they are very easy to do, no plot technique or writing skill being necessary, a whole new crop of "authors" has sprung up to produce the grist for these hungry mills. Editorial advice from the office of one such journal, typical of all, is as follows:

Here's a man, see? And his wife, see? And another man. Write about that. And let the shadow of a bed appear on every page but never let the bed appear.

These magazines pride themselves—oh, so earnestly and incessantly!—on their morality. No matter how wicked a girl may be during the exciting days

about which she confesses, she must always have reformed and learned her lesson before the final paragraph is reached.

Once in a blue moon, of course, a genuine confession does find its way into these endless pages of turgid, sentimental slush. There is some justification, in fact, for the new proverb: "The wages of sin is a check from a confession magazine." Generally speaking, however, the standardized fictitious product proves more satisfactory to the editors. It is easier to get into the product which is manufactured on the spot just the right proportion of salaciousness, just the proper leering smirk.

Take a look at the title page of a typical issue:

TWO WIVES AND ONE ROOF—Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

THE WAGES OF SIN—Out of the Depths Came a Nobler Womanhood.

BLIND LOVE

WOMEN WITH A PAST

THE SHADOW OF HER SIN—It Returned to Darken Her Late Life.

MURDER WILL OUT—She Thought Her Youth's Secret Forever Hidden, But—

THE GIRL BETWEEN—Who Almost Shattered a Young Wife's Happiness.

The growth of magazines of this character is almost unbelievable. One of them started about four years ago with an initial print order of 100,000 copies. It has now passed the 2,000,000 mark. There are several imitators, and while none has quite equalled this achievement, most of them have succeeded in attaining figures which in any other journalistic field would be regarded as phenomenally large.

Another distinct group which should not be overlooked is that which provides as its chief fare what might be called "smoking-car anecdotes." Barnyard humor, off-color jokes are the principal fare.

Another important group is made of straight-out imitations of the famous

and naughty *Vie Parisienne*. The drawings are similar to those in the French original.

The newest and one of the most popular of the cycle of publications which base their appeal definitely on sex is the "Art magazine." Of these we have had a deluge in the past year. Their publishers are extremely moral men, and their only aim, according to their own editorial announcements, is "to bring reproductions of the old masters within the reach of the populace." These magazines have one idea and one alone: the portrayal of nudity. Some of the pictures, it is true, are reproductions from art galleries; but just as many more are photographs of self-conscious chorus girls. In other words, the appeal of these periodicals is no more nor less than that in the old-fashioned "French picture postcards" which used to be offered for sale at two for a quarter—"mailed to you in a plain envelope."

Most of these journals, of course, and particularly the very popular confessional type, base their appeal on the fact that for the average man, and even more, for the average woman, leading the common existence in this country, only partially literate, with limited financial resources, real life is a drab, dull and sordid affair. For such individuals the keenest pleasure, and almost the only pleasure, comes with temporary escape into a world of illusion and fantasy where they can identify themselves with the imaginary heroes and heroines. For this reason, the literature of escape which these magazines offer in such direct and simple form makes a powerful appeal, and one which it would be very difficult to break down. It is perhaps also for this reason that reformers have almost entirely ignored the growth of these new periodicals. After all, the malady does not lie only in the willingness of publishers to pander nor that of readers to be pandered to. In part at least, it is a malady of our civilization itself.

Are Husbands Gentlemen?

Condensed from the Delineator (August, '26)

Alice Duer Miller

HER father snapped his watch with a nervous gesture. "My daughter is so unpunctual," he said, but he said it gently, as if unpunctuality were not so much a fault as an interesting characteristic that went to make up a delightful person. I replied dryly that it was unfortunate, the girl's lateness was inconveniencing half a dozen older people, of whom I was one.

"Yes," answered her father, "yes, I'm afraid it may make life difficult for her, poor child." I inquired whether he meant to reprove her when she came down. He seemed startled at the idea. No, he explained, he did not; in the first place, she would have no time to stop and talk—she would be rushing for her train; in the second, he thought it would be tactless to put an additional strain upon her in an already strained and nervous moment. "I may be peculiar," he said, "but I think you ought to be as considerate and courteous with your children as with a mere stranger. I never reprove my children in public."

What was then my surprise when a little later his wife came down ten minutes late for luncheon to hear him say in that tone of suppressed irritation that makes anything an insult, "Can't you ever be on time for anything, Marian?" His wife, a sensitive and innately polite woman, ignored the rudeness of his tone and replied that she was late because she had been helping her daughter to pack and dress—at which he turned to the rest of us and said with a contemptuous wave and smile, "In 20 years of married life I have never known my wife either on time or without an excuse for being late." He tried to make it sound like a joke; but it was not a joke; it was a bad-tempered public criticism.

rude to his wife, and uncomfortable for his guests. What was it in him that made him courteous and considerate to his irresponsible 16-year-old daughter and rude and inconsiderate to his devoted 40-year-old wife?

Two answers have been suggested. The first is based on fear. We are most of us afraid of the younger generation. That man was afraid of losing the affection of his daughter. He dreaded seeing in her face the dictum: "Father is simply impossible." He loved his wife better than he loved his daughter, but they loved each other equally—they were indissolubly bound. He could not see that there was any danger in being rude to her; there was no penalty attached.

Women, too, are sometimes afraid of losing their husbands' affections; women are noticeably civiler to their husbands than men to their wives. But men never seem to think that they can lose the affection of their wives through their own conduct, through being unsatisfactory, even unpleasant, as daily companions. The most jealous husband, who fears every other man who speaks to his wife, does not see in his own rudeness and lack of consideration the most potent of all ways of losing her. This seems to be one of the great problems of married life—that men see no connection between lack of manners and lack of affection. Women most emphatically do.

But there is another explanation, less logical, less plausible, and yet it seems to me the truer one. Men in general want to mould the woman they love. They fall in love with her for being one kind of person, and at once set to work, most industriously, to change her into being another kind, exactly the kind, perhaps, with whom they never would have fallen in love.

It would of course be much more sensible if they put their efforts into moulding their children. But that process has little interest for a man. He only wants to mould his equal, his mate. This molding process expresses itself, unfortunately, in eternal comment. And comment, even friendly comment, if it is continuous enough, becomes an intolerable bore, and to any one with a neurotic tendency it is a positive torture. Notice the effect if some one says as you enter a room: "Isn't that a new dress? You look a little tired? Do you really want to sit in that chair? You seem a trifle depressed." But when this series of comments is hostile, it is almost a form of torture—and when it is directed toward the impossible, it is a useless form of torture. Generally speaking, it is my observation that to attempt to alter another person by criticism is useless. We mold each other by what we are and what we do, but rarely by what we say.

Nagging is supposed to be a feminine weakness, but women's nagging is usually directed toward a definite deed which they want done or omitted, and is therefore harmless; but this masculine nagging is directed to the very soul of the victim, and makes a vital wound.

And yet I never see this sort of roughness in the man without thinking of a tragic story I heard once from a friend of mine, who had been through a very hideous train wreck. He said that at dinner he had been put at the same table in the dining-car with a commonplace, middle-aged couple. The man was obviously in a bad temper and his crossness took the form of criticizing everything his gentle, colorless wife did or said. He sneered at her selection of dishes, which indeed did not seem very wise—salad and ice cream—using it as an opportunity to complain of her house-keeping. He went on and on until

my friend longed to kill him. He read a newspaper while waiting, talked to the head waiter while his wife was talking to him, and swore when he picked up her napkin, which she had dropped more than once.

"Oh," she said apologetically, "I did not know I had dropped it."

"Of course you didn't," he answered, "you never do." And he was off again. He said and did everything that the circumstances permitted to be discourteous and contemptuous. But an hour later, when the smash came and his wife was hopelessly pinned under the wreckage, he did not rescue her—that was impossible—but he deliberately chose to die with her. "I won't leave you, mother," were the last words he was heard to speak.

It is a story that sets you thinking as to the meaning of the word *gentleman*. Was that husband a gentleman? He was certainly a hero, and yet, if my friend had been asked the question at dinner he would have said most emphatically *no*. If any one who knew them had been asked the question at any time during the last 20 years of their married life, the answer would have been *no*—that he was a bully and a boor. And if the train had not run into another train, that would have been the final—perhaps the just—conclusion. But you wonder from that poor woman's point of view—what would have made her happiest—if that rich, splendid love and self-sacrifice that made it impossible for her husband to permit his own rescue while she was dying—if that could have spread out during the 20 years of marriage in kind words and civil deeds—wouldn't it have been happier for her than that one great heroic gesture? So many husbands behave, day by day, as this one did at dinner, and so few have the opportunity of the train wreck to prove the devotion that lurks behind the worst manners.

The Empty Cradle of Harvard

Condensed from Liberty (July 31, '26)

Brenda Ueland

SLOW suicide is taking place among our most gifted and best educated Americans. If it continues, most of the families with a long heritage of culture and achievement in the history of this country will become extinct in a few generations.

Consider, for instance, what is happening among graduates of Harvard, the oldest college in the United States. Dr. John C. Phillips has made two studies of the Harvard birth rate. He first studied the classes of 1851-60 and then the classes of 1891-1900.

"In my figures of the latter period," said Dr. Phillips, "5021 graduates produced 4058 sons to take their places. Of this number only about 3600 survived, which leaves about .71 son, or less than three-quarters of a son, per graduate. To maintain an equilibrium, to produce 5021 males of college age to take the places of their fathers, at least 5523 boys should have been born. There was a lack of nearly 1500 male babies.

"But the most serious aspect of this situation is this: 25 per cent of all Harvard marriages in the decade 1891-1900 are childless, and the rate is still rising; and 19 per cent of the graduates remain unmarried. This last is not unusual, since the percentage of celibacy has remained almost constant since the class of 1850.

"It shows that the burden of bearing the 4058 male children falls on 3074 productive married graduates; for 915 of the men did not marry at all, and 1032 married, but had no children. Therefore, if every place is to be filled by the son of a Harvard man, each productive marriage ought to result in 1.79 male children.

"Now, as to the female children. In order to take the places of their

mothers, about 5322 girl babies should have been born instead of the 3725 that actually were born. Each productive marriage should have resulted in 1.73 daughters.

"Adding to this the male babies, I come to my conclusion that each family with children would have to produce 3.52 children in order to keep the Harvard stock stationary, instead of the 2.33 children that is the case today.

"The most surprising and disquieting feature of all is the rapidly rising proportion of childless marriages among Harvard graduates. Childless marriages increased from 15 per cent (1851-60) to 25 or 26 per cent in the decade 1891-1900. This rise has been progressive.

"The number of marriages (per cent married) has remained almost constant. This, I think, is contrary to a general belief that the intellectual classes are cutting down their marriage rate, and it would be cause for some encouragement were it not for the rapid increase of childless marriages.

"Although the interval between graduation and marriage is decreasing slightly, the age of marriage is really increasing, owing to the later age of graduation. Thus, in the earlier decades, the actual marriage age was 30 years, whereas now it is over 31 years.

"Whereas the class of 1850 was evidently composed of 95 per cent of English-speaking stock, the class of 1900 had only 78.7 per cent of similar stock. After 1900 there is a steady increase of foreign elements with each succeeding class (for better or worse, it is not for me to say), until in the class of 1925 there is less than 59 per cent of what I have called the old or English-speaking group. And very

likely, since these mixed and foreign elements are so much more fertile than the native American, their influx into Harvard balanced an even further drop in the birth rate of native Americans at Harvard."

Another very interesting study of the vanishing American has been made in the Middle West by the University of Wisconsin. A study was made of 420 primary families, all native Americans, and through them information was obtained of more than 2000 of their married brothers and sisters living in the Middle West. All these families are rich enough in brains and purse to have a child at the University of Wisconsin.

A comparison was made of the difference in the sizes of the families of two generations. The elder generation had 5.44 children per marriage. Their sons and daughters, when they had offspring at all, had only 3.35 children, a shrinkage of $38\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in about 30 years. But since 13 per cent of the present generation are childless, the average number of children per marriage is 2.8.

The fecundity of different occupational groups is interesting. In the present generation the farmers lead with the greatest number of children—4.2 per fertile family; unskilled laborers, 3.7; skilled laborers, 3.3; professional men, 3.2; business men, 2.9; clerical workers, 2.6. But the professional men make a poorer showing if we omit the clergymen, who average 4 children to a family. Without the clergymen the average product of professional men is 3 children.

For farmers and professional men, childlessness was 10 per cent; for skilled labor and business men, 15 per cent; for clerical workers, 20 per cent. Since the childlessness of the clergymen was 8.8 per cent, say the investigators, it is likely that childlessness in excess of this is voluntary.

Concerning the 13 per cent of childlessness among the Middle Western college-going families (Harvard graduates, you remember, are 25 to 26 per

cent childless, it is hard to account for. In the 18th century, 3000 American wives had only 2 per cent infertility. The number is now 13 per cent. Whereas, among wives of Polish parentage on the farms of 21 Minnesota counties, the infertility is well under 2 per cent.

This is what is happening: The birth rate among our best citizens is dropping off fast. The children of the very prolific immigrants from Europe are filling the country. Among the immigrants, few scions of gifted families have come. Europe has let us have few of her elite, but has been relieved of millions of her lower classes.

In other words, *the most fruitful fourth* (unfortunately, our poorest class of foreign-born) *will produce nearly as many children as the remaining three-fourths.*

From genealogical records a study has been made of the maternal performance of 12,722 American wives. Those who lived in 1700-50 averaged 6.83 children; those of 1750-1800 averaged 6.43 children. The American wives of the first half of the 19th century had 4.94 children; of the '50's and '60's, 3.47; of the '70's, 2.77.

It is a great shame that the race of vigorous and high-class native Americans is dying out. It is hard to find a remedy. Someone suggests that people's philosophy of success should be corrected. Glorify the achievements of the family as they did in the past, when there was not such contempt for aristocracy and family power and distinction. Today we say of a man, "What has he done?" Instead we should be asking, "What are his children doing? And his grandchildren?" And men should draw their self-esteem out of pointing to a number of fine-looking, able descendants.

People like to think they will survive in their children. But few know that even two children does not mean family survival. To perpetuate your stock you must have at least four children.

Fear in Small-Town Life

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine (August, '26)

Anonymous

WHY are the people of Durham—as I shall call this new hometown of mine—so afraid? Why are these men and women, so conscious of their own rightness, terrorized by an unfamiliar idea?

It is fear which makes Durham's nicer people so wary to avoid experience, so careful to stay with accustomed friends, to cheer for the happily ended book, to rush to the innocuous movies, to avoid the harsher plays when in New York?

The answer to fear, of any kind, is experience. Defeat timidity with variety, counter prejudice with a succession of truths. But salvation by variety is hard to obtain in Durham. Variety in social life is a luxury of the big city where the celebrity, the personage, the visiting foreigner leaven the mass of ordinary people, spice the routine of ordinary life. There worlds exist within worlds, any number of them, interlacing, vitalized, charming; in our town, there are only so many pyramided groups, each one a little inferior, even in its own eye, to that above it. At the base are the unimportant thousands who live happily from one Saturday night to the next; at the top the elect few hundreds who for three generations, or two, have had banks, factories, surpluses, a tradition of importance, and the proper clothes. There is the group that takes its fun at the lodges and the ladies' nights; the ladies who foregather day after day at the countless small social clubs; the bustling world of fraternal orders with their balls and meetings; the subdued wealthy middle class, who never leave home except for the office or the church; their rampant, richer offspring, who jazz at the country club and whose parties emphasize the failure of prohibition; and lastly again, the brahmins who

keep rigorous social lists, entertain delightfully and flit from Europe to New York to White Sulphur and home.

The group system is a necessary evil in this smaller world, for the hazards of social life stifle the adventuresome spirit who would buccaneer about socially, seeing all sides of life. The pity of it is that each group is so small, so homogeneous that stagnation inevitably results. People hesitate to leave their accustomed circles for fear of being suspended in an outer vacuum, in no group at all. There are few souls whose inner resources are so sustaining that they can face the risks of isolation. Intellectual and social loneliness are the terror of us all; there is less danger of it in the city where the strangest people find themselves duplicated a hundred times. But in the small city God pity the individual who does not fit naturally into a group, or through ignorance or carelessness, lands in the wrong groove!

There is that strangely attractive Mrs. Chadwick who always looks so well dressed but so obviously has no place to go. At the Ritz, on an ocean liner Mrs. Chadwick would be a cynosure—behold a grown-up woman who knows what life is about. But in Durham, alas, she was imperceptibly dropped into the outer limbo; her taste, her beauty, her exoticism availed her naught. There was something too adult about Mrs. Chadwick. She was bored by the interchange of domestic alarms indulged in by the young matrons of her group. She read French novels and painted her face. She liked to talk to men, impersonally, frankly, freely. Wherever Mrs. Chadwick was, there also were inconsequent mirth, reckless talk, gayety. She disturbed the pattern of what a wife

should be; and socially Mrs. Chadwick is no more.

There are of course in Durham a few souls, confident, audacious, who do as they please socially, and get away with it. But usually they take off from the top of the pyramid to begin with, and they are endowed with a selfless enthusiasm for a cause, for politics, or the mere fun of living. Whenever they appear the party begins, where they are the fight commences. They are the rare birds, the social sports. Mrs. Tower is one of these. In her youth she tamed wild horses; once she rode from here to the Junction on the front of a locomotive to win ten dollars. She can swing a devastating ax, can swim like a salmon. There is no cause she does not sponsor, no movement she does not defend or attack. The politicians fear her; the junk dealers and the ashmen admire her.

The world would be unbearable if we were all like Mrs. Tower, but it is a pity that most people lose in the early 30's their passionate hunger for living. It is so easy to cherish monotony, for fear of something worse, so easy to shudder at the bogey of the unknown rather than fertilize the barren psyche with new ideas.

The puzzle of Durham is the mystery of America. This is the puzzle—why the amazing adaptability, north, east, south, and west to everything new but ideas? The telephone, the wireless, the movie have torn down the walls of distance that once kept the human spirit isolated. Now everyone goes everywhere, sees everything, hears everything. Up-country, far north of my city, the flappers in the little villages have shingled hair, wear beige stockings; the pianos hammer out the tunes of Broadway. Houses are standardized, people of similar financial level buy the same type of divan and floor lamp, young girls in all classes demand the same underwear, the same privileges, wear the same impudent empty mask as a face. They are all

so ready to be imprinted by the newest thing—in everything but ideas. Why has the individual human mind lagged behind in this extraordinary receptivity of sensation?

It has lagged behind, no doubt, out of exhaustion. Today there are so many things to do, to know, so many things going on, that the over-impressed consciousness ceases to formulate, is satisfied only to register. What is the need for thinking anyway, when the newspapers, the movies, the radios, the motors will hand one the news and the thrills, absorb all time and leisure? There are few empty hours, solitary days in modern life, days when the mind can retreat within itself and assay its own resources. We are so busy buying things, going to all the places that everyone goes to, and doing all the things that everyone does, that it is hardly necessary to think. It is easy to escape, therefore, by any of these mechanized diversions, that inconsistent, pressing demon within each of us which asks and asks and insists upon an answer, "What are you good for and what are you making of your life?"

It is harder to answer that demon, harder to keep it cowed in Durham than it was in New York. One is confronted at close range with conventions, faced by prejudice, irritated by the close pressure of other people's opinions. Why can't they let one alone? What is it to them what one does, what one feels? The surrounding microcosm is always there, watching, judging, a nightmare of nearness.

Yet in Durham the very smallness of things, the clear sight one has of every thing at once, day in and day out, the tininess of this life against the immensity of time become a challenge to the individual to hold out, to resist its enemies. Hold on, persist, one says to one's own integrity, and you shall endure in the end. It is a trying contest; yet I would not want to leave Durham, and perhaps she will let me stay with her free, until the end.

The Presidency --- Pulpit and Pillory

Condensed from *The World's Work* (August, '26)

Mark Sullivan

PRESIDENT GLENN FRANK of the University of Wisconsin says: "We Americans pile so many duties upon our leaders that we make it next to impossible for them to fulfill their primary function. The demands of administration slowly crowd the scholar out of the college presidency and the prophet out of the pulpit. It is the inevitable outcome of our American habit of trying to combine the offices of prophet and executive."

Now the man whom Americans most overwork, and in whom we most insist on a combination of executive and prophet, is the President. The President fills functions which in similar forms of government are divided among two or three officials. On the executive side the President of the United States must manage the business of the government capably. That means, among many, many other things, that he must keep an eye on the Treasury; must seek out good men to fill a larger number of executive offices subordinate to him, than any other administrator in the country; must give hours to listening to applicants for some of these jobs and to politicians who back the applicants; must be responsible, ultimately, for the efficient functioning of ten Cabinet departments and several independent bureaus—several of which have operations more extensive than the largest private business corporations. The President must also follow legislation in Congress.

Akin to the essentially executive functions of the Presidency is a, so to speak, ornamental function, which in Great Britain is the function of the king. There the king pins medals on distinguished soldiers, confers the distinction of his presence at the opening of hospitals, has his photograph taken on occasions where it will con-

vey approval to worthy causes, institutions, or persons. In America we add this to the burden of the Presidency.

In addition to these and many other executive functions, the President has some functions, not inconsiderable in weight, as head of his party.

All these things we expect of a President; and then in addition, we expect him to be a prophet. We look to him to provide us with leadership, which we expect in the form of speeches and messages on all sorts of occasions and on all sorts of questions.

Roosevelt spoke of the White House as "The Highest pulpit of the United States." More than any other President Roosevelt preached to the American people about subjects far aside from government, served the people as prophet, gave them inspiration and guidance in fields as remote as outdoor life, sports, "play the game hard," "don't flinch," "the strenuous life," the bringing up of families, poetry, history, and art.

And Roosevelt was again outstanding in the fact that, along with being a prophet, he filled the administrative function of the White House with outstanding excellence. Henry White, the most experienced ambassador America has ever had, says that Roosevelt is the only President he ever knew (and Mr. White began his diplomatic experience under President Grant) who at once was a good executive of the domestic affairs of the nation and also had a complete grasp of its foreign relations.

But it is very rare for the two capacities, executive and prophet, to reside within the same personality. Executive capacity calls for action, swiftness of intellectual processes; to be a prophet calls for reflection, deliberateness of intellectual processes. Moreover, it is difficult for both capacities

to function at the same time. It is hard for the human mind to shuttle back and forth out of the mood of quick and forceful decision into the mood of quiet reflectiveness.

Further, either function, in the quantity of it demanded in the White House, is apt to make exclusive demands on time and vitality. Few men can spend eight hours a day in hard administrative work and have anything left to give to the writing of a thoughtful speech. It was part of Roosevelt's strength that he knew when he had nothing to say, and declined to say anything. He avoided the practice of having others write speeches or messages for him. Roosevelt said and wrote much, but it was all Roosevelt. Consequently, the public took in the picture of him and had it clear in their minds.

Since his death, the explanation of Roosevelt's exceptional capacity seems gravitating toward the one he had for himself, namely, that he was merely the average man raised to the *n*th degree. He used to say of himself that there was no one thing which he did better than, or as well as, many other men could; but that he did many things and did them all at his top best. Roosevelt's distinction lay in his energy, his activity, more than in any unique endowment of thought or talent.

The executive job of the President presents itself minute by minute and must be done. Prophecy must await the second turn; and unless a President has the abnormal vigor of Roosevelt, there may be no opportunity for the role of prophet at all. (President Wilson used to manage it, on some occasions, by deliberately letting the executive job "slide" for days or even weeks, while he devoted himself to some important message.)

Everybody appreciates that under Coolidge, the administrative functions of the government are carried out with great competence. . . . While Coolidge was still Governor of Massachusetts, he gave the country one glimpse of something which, if it is a habitual

characteristic, argues possession of capacity for prophecy of the highest kind. The one episode that brought him national attention, his one assertion of fundamental and important dogma, was a brief phrase on the occasion when the strike of the Boston police was suppressed, a phrase to the effect that as respects men filling such public offices as policemen, the right to strike disappears before the public good. The way the country responded to that, the fact that a great principle was settled by the mere expression of it on the right occasion—that suggests how important the function of prophet is in this democracy of ours.

If America now had a present-day Jeremiah, he would surely have something to say about that aspect of business which, in Pennsylvania, manifested itself in more than two million dollars in campaign contributions, for the frankly avowed purpose, among others, of retaining the immunity of Pennsylvania manufacturers from taxation on their capital stock. If Christ were here today He might use those Pennsylvania disclosures as the occasion for saying something about money-changers in the temple.

A nation without prophets is poor. It needs them for the authoritative utterance of its widely held sentiments, faiths, and indignations. A prophet would come nearer than any other agency to showing us what to do about prohibition. A prophet would either talk to us like Jeremiah about our disobedience of law, or else tell us how the law should be changed. When Senator Borah took a clear and strong position in a speech before a Presbyterian gathering at Baltimore recently, he was instantly elevated to the position of a prophet, and the newspaper headlines immediately coupled his name with future occupancy of the White House. Borah does not want to be President, and is unlikely to be made President; but the episode illustrates the people's hunger for a prophet, and their instinctive expectation that the Executive Mansion should house one.

Vultures of Trade

Condensed from *The Outlook* (August 11, '26)

George Whitten

DURING the night, a three-story building, with a jobbing firm downstairs and two tenement floors above, burned to the ground. . . . On an Atlantic City train speeding to the city the next morning were two swarthy-faced gentlemen. They took a taxi to their place of business, which was the jobbing house that had been destroyed by fire. At sight of the ruins, they shrieked in walls of misery. They were ruined! A sympathetic crowd gathered. But in spite of their sorrow, they were brought before the chief detective of the arson squad for questioning. They were grilled for hours, but their story was without flaw. They had taken a train on Saturday for Atlantic City, and knew nothing of the fire until they returned on Monday morning. No, they had no business trouble; indeed, they had been doing so well that they had just taken in a fresh supply of goods and had been making plans for expanding into a larger business. Their firm, Gross & Levison, had a good rating. Unfortunately, their books had been destroyed, like everything else.

Gross and Levison next submitted to severe questioning by the fire insurance adjusters, and then by the fire commissioner; but nothing could be found to lay blame upon them, and they were allowed to go their way exonerated. They filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy; a receiver was appointed, the insurance collected, and their creditors paid three cents on the dollar. Claims to the amount of \$200,000 were filed against them, and it was found that they had recently bought large shipments on 60 and 90 days' credit.

Several dissatisfied creditors, however, took their troubles to the National Association of Credit Men. There wasn't much evidence to go on.

The former tenants of the upper floors were scattered, and were located only with great difficulty; and most of these, when found, were too stupid to give much information. Finally a crippled boy, who had lived in the front apartment just above the store and spent most of his weary hours looking out of the window, was located. Watching the big trucks come up to the store and unload great packing-cases always made a break in the monotony of his life. Questioning developed the fact that for several weeks just before the fire the boy had seen no trucks unloading. Here was the first real evidence. No shipments had come to the store, yet Gross & Levison had placed a number of large orders.

An exhaustive search among railroad records disclosed the fact that all of the \$200,000 worth of goods had been reshipped to Houston, Texas. A detective was sent to Houston to locate the goods, and another man set to watch the movements of Gross and Levison.

The two men had gone to Atlantic City for rest and quiet after the fire. Several weeks later they took train for Texas. Under the firm name of Golden & Markowitz they opened a "gents" retail furnishing store in Houston, and announced an opening sale with prices below anything that had been heard of since pre-war days, explaining they were doing this to introduce themselves.

When the doors were opened and Gross and Levison, or Golden and Markowitz, smilingly welcomed their new customers, three detectives stepped forward and handcuffed the surprised merchants together. Then a squad of police appeared and shooed the astounded crowd back into the streets. That night the local papers

answered the question many had asked, "How can they sell so cheap?"

The men confessed. They had opened the jobbing house, and for nearly two years had carried on a legitimate business. Then, with credit established, they had placed large orders wherever they could and had re-shipped the goods to a friend in Texas. The burning of the depleted stock had been a simple matter. A few gallons of oil had been poured over empty boxes in the cellar and a 24-hour candle set burning where the flame would reach some oil-soaked waste. This gave the criminals a chance to establish an alibi.

The National Association of Credit Men has been fighting credit crooks for the past eight years, though little has been heard about it in the public press. Credit crooks are super-criminals who think in hundreds of thousands of dollars and work out their plans as systematically as any well-organized business.

The case of Gross & Levison is one of the crudest of its kind; most credit frauds are worked out with more finesse. There is the case of Lasky & Cohen. This firm conducted a large hardware business in a Mid-West city, which we will call St. Mark. They had a good rating; but in 1923 they were declared bankrupt. Creditors filed claims aggregating \$1,250,000, and they were awarded the pittance of one and a half cents on the dollar.

Suspecting fraud, the creditors placed the case in the hands of the National Association of Credit Men. The receiver gave evasive answers to questions put by the investigators. The referee made a pretense of helping them, but the information he gave proved unreliable and misleading. Even attempts to get information from local railroad officials regarding shipments made to and by the bankrupt firm were fruitless. The detectives were experienced men, and realized that they had a vicious circle in high power working against them.

After several weeks it was found that the bankruptcy officials belonged to a clique of lawyers who made a business of staging bankruptcies that were immensely profitable to them and the bankrupts. Their organization included a number of high city officials, lawyers, business men, gunmen, and pyromaniacs.

The Credit Men determined to round up these criminals. Detectives, with a large bank account at their disposal, opened a store, The Enterprise Hardware Co. They joined a couple of local business clubs, mixed around town, and spent money freely. In a short time they were well known. After several months they made cautious approaches to the heads of the swindling clique and let it be known that they were open to the staging of a profitable bankruptcy. The swindlers welcomed them. Then the usual fraudulent bankruptcy proceedings were staged. First, the pseudo merchants began placing large orders. The names of colleagues in other cities who would receive the stolen goods were confided to the detectives. A set of "phony" books was drawn up by an expert, and a lot of false obligations of indebtedness supplied.

Bankruptcy was declared; a receiver was appointed; the case went before a referee, and a trustee was appointed. The creditors were offered six cents on the dollar, but refused to take it.

"Let them try and get more," laughed the trustee. Then the crash came. A large squad of Federal detectives swept down on St. Mark, and in two hours 39 gentlemen of high local standing were in jail. The authorities have a beautiful case against a gang of the cleverest crooks that ever perpetrated crime while living among their fellow-men as highly respectable citizens. The case has not yet come up for trial, but when it does the Credit Men believe that the ensuing jail sentences will put terror into the hearts of other swindling organizations.

California's War on Ugliness

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (July 10, '26)

Kenneth L. Roberts

AS recently as the Spanish-American War there was no control over the use of property in American cities and towns. Any such control would have given rise to squawks of protest and cries of "Un-American!" Not many years later, however, many American cities had accepted city-zoning laws that regulated the height of buildings and the area of the lot covered.

Only a few more years elapsed before towns with intelligent leadership were accepting residential zoning. They were protecting residential districts by excluding industrial plants, stables, garages, warehouses, laundries, and so on; and they were protecting industries by excluding such annoyances as the small-home owner who emits frequent roars of protest and refuses to be taxed for such industrial necessities as wide, heavy-hauling pavements, extra large sewers for industrial waste, high-pressure mains for extra fire protection, and other advantages that more favorably located competing manufacturers obtain without question.

Without such zoning the owners of residential property on the edges of industrial sections are perpetually letting their property slip into slums in the expectation of selling to a manufacturer, and investors in real estate are constantly suffering from the encroachment of undesirable businesses on a good residential neighborhood, a good apartment-house neighborhood or a good business neighborhood.

Charles H. Cheney is a city planner who has written numerous city planning and zoning laws and ordinances adopted in California, Oregon and other states. "So far," says Mr. Cheney, "no aesthetic questions have been involved in the matter of zon-

ing. The thing has been purely economic and social. Since we have been forced to live together closely, we cannot have peace and comfort in living unless we can agree to give up some of our looser rights. The future will see the aesthetic values of living—the so-called amenities of life—as fully and carefully safeguarded as the economic and social side of life is being safeguarded in many communities by zoning ordinances.

"This will be done by group action; communities will get together and agree on a committee of architects, engineers and laymen who shall pass on all plans of new buildings, and say whether they are reasonably decent in design. This, after all, is not greatly different from the present situation, which requires persons to present their building plans to a committee for judgment as to the safety of the buildings."

It might be remarked in passing that there are a number of determined individuals on the Pacific Coast who declare passionately that one can be conscious of as much ugliness through the ears as through the eyes; that the nerve-shattering roars, explosions and squeals of countless motors that make modern life a ceaseless din are as inexcusable as ugly dwellings, unsightly and over-prominent garages and view-destroying signboards; and that the person who is so careless of the general welfare as to make such noises will be roughly handled in civilized communities in another ten years.

At any rate, the trend toward the safeguarding of the amenities of life has grown so strong in some sections of California as almost to submerge the cupola era and its atrocities. Consider, for example, the range of hills that extends from Hollywood

out past Beverly Hills to the sea. As recently as 1920, when the California revulsion against the cupola era began to gather genuine momentum, the land in these hills was regarded as having little value. Today, the land ranges in price from \$5000 to \$20,000 an acre. In these hills are 70,000 acres of land. Already the hills are dotted with beautiful homes, constructed by sworn enemies of the cupola era; and persons who know the real-estate situation say that not many more years will elapse before all the hill slopes will be covered with the largest assortment of beautiful homes ever concentrated in a similarly sized stretch of territory. They base their deductions on the fact that the owners of the 70,000 acres of hills have signed a declaration of restrictions, by which nobody can build anywhere on the entire 70,000 acres without first submitting his plans to a well-remunerated board of prominent architects.

On another side of Los Angeles, on a swelling promontory jutting boldly into the Pacific, is the infant resort of Palo Verde. The ever-spreading determination to be free from the cupola era resulted, in Palo Verde, in the most rigid of architectural restrictions under the guidance of Charles H. Cheney, the city planner, and F. L. Olmsted, landscape architect. By their terms every building plan must be submitted to an art jury, which has a \$300,000 endowment to make sure that its interest won't slacken. No billboards, advertising signs or for-sale signs are permitted to be erected; all necessary store and business signs must have the approval of the art jury; industries, asylums and nuisance businesses are prohibited; no trees more than 20 feet in height can be cut down without the consent of the park department; home owners are obliged to erect their garages in locations that will prove least obtrusive and objectionable to adjoining property owners; and every possible precaution has been taken to pre-

serve the views of ocean and mountains, to increase the natural beauty of the land with trees and shrubbery, and to make sure that the home of no resident can ever be damaged by an unsightly or undesirable structure. Nearly every structure that rises in Palo Verde is exactly the type of structure that the Spaniards would have built when they first came to California.

The same insistence on the preservation of beauty, the adoption of suitable architecture and the utter undesirability of persons who are willing to force poorly designed structures on their neighbors has gained an unbreakable foothold along the beautiful hill slopes and valleys in the shadow of Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson on the outskirts of Pasadena. Farther to the north, one finds the same thing occurring on the historic Monterey Peninsula. All the loveliness of one of California's loveliest spots has been preserved by rigid restrictions; and all the genius of the mission builders has been perpetuated in homes to which California's leading architects have devoted their talents.

Greatest of all the examples of California's war on the ugliness and stupidity of the cupola era, however, is found in the city of Santa Barbara. The old low-roofed and wide-verandaed adobes, set in riotous masses of flowers, stood in the way of progress. Santa Barbara's business men looked at them indifferently, and slowly the houses vanished. Elaborate structures of nice smooth brick replaced them, or involved wooden structures with Gothic towers and late Etruscan porte-cocheres and medieval doorways and James K. Polk piazzas.

A campaign to save the missions spread up and down the state. The Community Arts Association came into existence in Santa Barbara, and in 1922, it started its Plans and Planting Committee, and the work of rescuing Santa Barbara from the engulfing fog of the cupola era was on in earnest.

The association began its work by persistently dinning into the ears of Santa Barbara merchants the enormous commercial value that the city would have as a tourist attraction if it preserved in its shops and public buildings the Spanish traditions that it had inherited from the Spaniards who built it. It then provided a great object lesson by expanding a group of old Spanish adobe houses into El Paseo, a quadrangle of studios and shops that for beauty and picturesqueness is second to no other group of small buildings in any country.

Travelers from all parts of the country promptly poured into El Paseo, and viewed with low cries of delight the tile-floored restaurant, the spotless white walls with their bright red roofs, the little balconies and the grassy quadrangle, the art gallery, the shops with leaded windows, and other ravishing and unexpected features.

Here and there through the city a merchant remodeled his shop to conform to California-Spanish architecture. The Community Arts Association worked out small-house plans in the Spanish style, and labored assiduously to make the community discard the ugly and retain only the good. The Santa Barbara papers passionately advocated architectural reforms. The Morning Press stated editorially:

"If every building along each side of State Street, from the wharf to the upper end, was in Colonial Mission, the city would be famous and people would come here by the hundreds of thousands to see it.

"Then why not make it that way? It can't be done in a week, a month or a year; but some day all of State Street can present an unbroken appearance in architecture typical of Santa Barbara and suitable to its surroundings. All that is necessary is for every owner of property to keep the idea in mind when erecting new buildings and for others to fol-

low the system when making alterations or repairs."

Then, on June 29, 1925, the Community Arts Association received unexpected assistance. When the earthquake had subsided many ugly and badly constructed buildings on Santa Barbara's Estado lay in ruins. It is worthy of note that the beautiful new buildings in the California-Spanish style were undamaged.

Immediately after the earthquake the city set up an Architectural Board of Review. To this Board the business men of Santa Barbara came with their plans for rebuilding, and the Board of Review suggested and argued and altered and otherwise labored so that the entire business section of the city might be harmonious whole along California-Spanish lines.

By the first days of 1926, Santa Barbara's main street possessed a rare beauty and charm. Irregular white facades, embellished with occasional wooden balconies, shone in the sun. Orange sailcloth awnings, hanging loose across the windows, moved idly in the breezes. The names of the shops were set in dull wrought-iron letters across the shops' white fronts. Electric-light poles had vanished, and at night each shop glowed with a white flood of indirect lighting. Here and there a recalcitrant shop owner had disfigured the front of his place of business with crude electric signs; but from day to day he was waxing more and more uncomfortable under the scornful gaze of his fellow townsmen.

If the spirit of the Community Arts Association goes abroad in the land the cupola era is doomed. With the experience of Santa Barbara as a model, no community of intelligence and determination—even though it lacks earthquake cooperation—needs to despair of ultimately recovering at least a part of the beauty and architectural heritage that the stupid, careless and ignorant people of the cupola era did their best to wreck for themselves and for posterity.

(Continued from page 280)
struggle for mere living in such a way as to enable the young couple to keep in some sort of social contact with their former friends.

Another thing that struck me is that the American has no sense any more of simple enjoyment. Conversation is a lost art. Ideas seem to be taboo. Any suggestion that everything is not for the best is considered dangerously radical.

In England one feels everywhere a real love of beauty in the countryside. The simplest cottage of a workman has its flower garden and there the man works after hours with his family about him. There is an appreciation of nature and natural beauty on the part of not only the great landed proprietors but the small farmers as well. Here where I live the entire countryside has been devastated. One of the prettiest wood roads is now a wilderness of charred forest, of orange-colored gasoline stations, of real-estate signs, "hot-dog" places, and dump heaps of tin cans.

When I sputtered some of these impressions to an acquaintance, he objected: "Nevertheless, we are happier and more intelligent than the English." I doubt it. I find lots of excitement here, but very few genuinely happy and contented people. We are looking for happiness in things and in what we can buy, and I doubt if it is permanently to be found there. I talked with a number of English wage earners and they told me that in spite of high wages in America, they would not care to come over, and many of those who had done so had gone back because they found that the wages all went in living expenses, and that in the rush and excitement they did not find so much happiness as they did in their life at home. As for intelligence, the American is quicker to use new machinery and has wider superficial knowledge of a practical sort, but I doubt if he takes a really more intelligent and rational view of life. I asked my dining steward what he

did when he had time off in New York. His answer was that he and his friends spent most of their time in the Natural History Museum, and he told me with much interest of the new acquisitions there. Is it a sign of inferior intelligence that between four and five million men can be on strike with practically no cases of violence? On the basis of comparative population that would mean thirteen million men on strike at once in the United States. In such a national upheaval as that would the strikers and "struck at" here have shown any more intelligence?

I am by no means an unpatriotic American, but I cannot help wondering whither we are bound if another decade sees any such rapid change as has the last. And I am wondering, as a personal question, how and where a man of moderate means who prefers simple living, simple pleasures, and the things of the mind to rapid money-making is going to be able to live any longer in his native country, where he would much rather live than exile himself. He can get as much enjoyment out of a Chevrolet as out of a Pierce-Arrow. He much prefers a good inn to a hotel with the usual marble columns and costly and uncomfortable furniture in its lobby. He wants to lead a simple and sane life. He wants companionship of people who are neither too tired nor too excited at night to exchange ideas rather than personalities. He wants to be able to think and work and write in quiet. He is a good American but as he looks about him in his own country he wonders whether everyone has gone mad in the rush for money and extravagant luxuries, and whether such a life as he wants is any longer possible in it, as it easily is still in England. How long can American nerves and minds and the American soul withstand the pressure and pace of America's present insane and noisy life, and the increasing restrictions on independent thinking and individual expression?

The Stampede of Youth

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (August, '26)

An Interview with Judge J. F. McIntyre, by V. L. Connolly

MOST of the serious crime in our country today is being carried on by young people. Certainly this is true of New York county! In 1925, 9989 men and women, 80 per cent of them under 20, all of them so young that they averaged 20 years of age, were tried here: 5241 in Special Sessions for the lesser crimes, 4748 in General Sessions for felonies.

Our vicious criminals here—our forgers, burglars, hold-up men, murderers—are young people between the ages of 16 and 23. Among these all classes of society are represented. Some of our shoplifters and crooks' assistants are pretty, stunning young women—well-educated girls, with cultivated speech, from good residential districts. Some of our young men criminals are college graduates.

Why are these young felons pouring into our courts, instead of middle-aged felons as in the past? What is back of this condition?

First, lack of religious training in childhood. I wish I could find words to stress fully the immense importance of this point! As a cause, it so far outdistances all other causes that it stands alone!

If I could give only one piece of advice to anxious parents all over the country, I would urge: It makes no difference what your faith may be—Buddhist, Catholic, Jewish, Protestant—instill in your children in their infancy the moral principles of that religion. Encourage obedience to them during childhood. And send your boy or girl out into the world equipped with a definite set of religious standards. Such a boy or girl almost never finds his or her way into the criminal courts.

All court officials with whom I have ever discussed this subject have

agreed that this is the one great safeguard which can—and must—be thrown around our young people!

Second, absence of parental authority and lack of home discipline. Modern parents are spineless! They have cast authority to the winds. Thousands of boys and girls are being allowed to grow up uncontrolled—a menace to society. If a child is not taught to obey the law of the home, he is almost certain to become a lawbreaker out in the world.

Boys and girls nowadays seem to have no sense of duty toward any group—home, employers, social friends, society at large. The young criminals brought before my bench display a callousness which almost passes belief.

Third, failure to instill ideals of modesty and chastity in girls. Since many girls today are not only proving to be criminals themselves—as prostitutes and shoplifters, for example—but are also aiding the men in their crimes, the girl is, perhaps, the gravest problem of all. Especially as she could, if she would, be such an influence on men and boys as to check crime!

Let me urge on parents, therefore—teach your girls that they are the regulating force of the world. Woman is the architect of decency. The world depends upon her to inculcate high ideals of living, a reverence for the Almighty, a spirit of brotherhood. A good girl is capable of leading a young man into right. In my opinion, if our young girls could all be inspired with ideals of true womanhood—nothing superhuman, but just modesty and morality—they would correct the so-called "crime wave" more quickly than all other efforts put together.

Go out into the streets of this city—any city or town—and look about. A young girl should be the embodiment of purity. Modesty is becoming in her: immodesty disgusting. Yet what do we see on all our city streets—girls from respectable homes, walking about painted and bedizened, half-clad, loud-voiced, with skirts reaching only to their knees. Worse still, they are accompanied by mothers similarly tricked out. An ever-increasing number of mothers sponsor present fashions in dress and manners as eagerly as their daughters do. They boast of their hip-flasks and private bootleggers.

Fourth, the age-old problem of liquor. Drink has always been a problem of the criminal courts. Today it seems especially acute because of the kind of liquor drunk, its availability at many of our hearthstones, and the general flippant, cynical attitude toward it. What I am about to say is a bit startling. But it is my earnest conviction that if parents would tell their young people that the Prohibition Law, being a law, must be obeyed; and if they would deny to their boys and girls the taste of liquor, the appetite would pass away in this generation.

Of course, this would have to include vigorous efforts by parents to close the speak-easies, the jazz dance halls with booze on the table, the bawdy houses posing as "resorts" or "chop-suey places"; and all the other temptations being thrust on the attention of our young people in a day when the old moral conventions seem to be broken down. A large order? No doubt. But I believe it could be done!

Fifth, the production, by dissipated parents, of paranoiac children. It is now known that the excessive use of liquor by parents, or their sexual sins, may cause their children to be morons. In the state of New York it is estimated that there are at least 62,000 of these paranoiacs. All are incipient criminals, who can, nevertheless, be dissuaded from

crime under right conditions. Temperance and chastity in the home would prevent the further production of these unfortunate children.

Sixth, unsupervised amusements: including especially "joy riding," cheap movies, and indecent modern dances. The nation appears to be jazz-mad! In cheap dance halls young girls meet men of the most dangerous type. Although hardly more than boys, these men are diseased, are in search of "affairs," and usually are part of a crime ring. The fate of the girls can be imagined. And every large American city has a few such places. Public spirited citizens could hardly undertake a more vital work than the careful investigation of dubious places of amusement, dance halls especially, and the closing down of eight-tenths of them. . . So much has been said about the type of movie that incites to sexual crimes, and about the auto that makes sexual offenses possible, that I shall not add to it.

Seventh, lack of proper recreational facilities in most neighborhoods. Such facilities are still pitifully inadequate. In our big cities many children are forced to the streets for play. So often I find that a young man or woman brought before me was as inevitably shoved into criminality by neglectful parents and community as the well-reared, well-provided-for child is steered into good citizenship. Correct discipline consists of providing fun and work in such proportions as to keep the child absorbed every moment. The busy boy or girl is the virtuous one.

Eighth, unwillingness of young people today to work hard, and the indulgence of this laziness by foolish parents. This tendency is startling, being apparent to every one brought into contact with erring youth. Every child should be made to understand that he, or she, will have to be a wage-earner. Are most young people raised thus? They are not. Even needy parents often fail to instill this in their children.

President Pine

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (July, '26)

O. H. L. Wernicke

KING COTTON has not yet been deposed in Dixieland, but the people of the South no longer have a king-complex. Their economic realm is fast reorganizing, and they have nominated the Hon. Turpentine Pine as their candidate for President.

It may well prove to be a common experience for the investor during the next decade to scan first the offerings of "pine tree ranches" instead of orange groves, pecan orchards or waterfront lots. Fancy an offer in your mail which will guarantee you better income than a bond, with certainty that your principal will double or even triple or more!

A mere dream? No. An economic situation now exists in the South which will permit these specifications to be filled. The cut-over lands of the South are no longer mere great problems, but instead are today vast opportunities. Too much honor can not be paid to the United States Forest Service, to the forestry departments of the Southern States, and to the Southern Pine Association for their years of effort which have helped to bring this about.

When you have made a movement like pine-tree culture profitable, you have made it certain. Now that forestry means fortunes, there may be a boom to be compared possibly with oil, automobiles, and Florida. Somewhere between 25,000,000 and 100,000,000 acres of land in eight Southern States will be developed in pine-tree ranches, varying from 20 acres or less to 200,000 acres or more in size. In acreage, in industrial importance, and in profits, it is safe to prophesy that in a few years President Pine will be greater than King Cotton ever was.

In the Landes district of France is an area of some 2,000,000 acres devoted to raising pines on land formerly con-

sidered barren. The whole region is dependent upon forests and forest products, yet it is the most prosperous rural district in France, with a population of 1,400,000. Assuming greater efficiency of production per man in this country, we can with extreme conservatism predict an added population for the Southern coastal States of 10,000,000 people if we develop 50,000,000 acres somewhat as the French developed 2,000,000 acres.

Two facts of vital importance should be understood at this point. First, the two species of pine tree which produce turpentine and rosin commercially in America are superior to the Maritime pine of France in quality of lumber and capacity to produce gum, tree for tree, and in rate of growth. Second, our soils are also superior to the French soils. It is evident, therefore, that each acre of our soil can produce greater returns than a French acre.

The analytical mind promptly asks: Would such large operations in this country destroy the favorable market the smaller French operation enjoys?

It is a commonplace among those who know the facts that if all the available land in the South should be devoted to pine forests there would still be a greater demand for the lumber in the United States than could be supplied. The U. S. Forest Service has reported that by 1935—less than ten years from now the Southern States alone will be using more lumber than they can produce.

Twenty years ago timber lumber sold on the stump) would not have been low-priced at \$2 per 1000 board-foot stumpage. Today \$8 per 1000 is not a high price. Hence, it is not fanciful to predict a price of at least \$16 a 1000 by 1945. Under ordinary forestry cultivation an acre should produce a minimum of 10,000 board

feet in from 30 to 40 years. From lumber yield alone, then, a return can be expected which would more than pay costs.

Naval stores (turpentine and rosin) according to French experience, produce two-thirds of the profits on an acre of pine land. An acre of second-growth pines, averaging only 100 working trees to the acre, can produce an average of \$10 a year profit at today's prices in naval stores. Our present methods of working trees for turpentine or rosin are destructive, and limited to four or five years. A better method has been demonstrated as profitable which can be used as long as it is desirable for the tree to grow—30, 40, 50 or more years!

Very little scientific research has been applied to the pine chemical industry and its products. What has been done, however, indicates that the potential uses of the products of the industry scarcely have been touched. There is obviously room for development which may be compared to that of petroleum. It seems reasonably certain that this industry is limited chiefly by its capacity to produce in quantities. For example, the paint industries dare not depend upon turpentine alone because the present whole production is insufficient for their needs. Such industries are compelled to use less satisfactory substitutes, not because of prices but because of sheer lack of enough material. The public is virtually ignorant of the virtues of pine chemicals and the extent to which inferior substitutes have been used. It is apparent that research and advertising will more than offset any potential increase in production.

In the past, thinning operations in Southern forests have not had the advantage of paper-pulp mills to make them as profitable as possible. It should be understood that thinning to prevent overcrowding is necessary and helpful in raising forests. Commercially practical methods of using resinous woods for paper-pulp have been brought about and paper-pulp mills are locating in the South rapidly, thus

adding a source of forest revenue formerly unknown. Cord wood, fence posts, poles, ties and other thinning products are increasingly profitable. The grazing value of unburned pine lands is estimated at over \$1 a year per acre in meat on the hoof.

If the potential future returns from an average acre of land in pine trees are analyzed, it will be seen that returns of more than twice the official estimates of from \$6 to \$8 net profit per acre per year may be predicted. But the official estimates themselves are sufficient to substantiate the introductory paragraphs in this article!

The machinery necessary to unlock these potential values has been created. The great and first step was the formation of the Pine Institute of America, Inc., a practical scientific service agency, South-wide in scope. Its headquarters are designed to make available to all concerned the scientific knowledge applicable to Southern cut-over lands and their products. Its form of organization is unique. In each county of the Southern pine belt, there are, or will be, organized "chapters" of this Pine Institute. The community chapter is solely interested in the welfare of its own members and its own community, with the tremendous advantages of federation with hundreds of like chapters throughout the South, enjoying mutually the facilities and experts of Pine Institute headquarters.

Into every county of the pine belt, by means of the Pine Institute, the necessary information for unlocking the known possibilities of cut-over lands will be brought with far greater rapidity than any like development ever enjoyed. Translated into other terms this means simply that during the next two decades lands selling today for from \$5 to \$15 an acre will pay dividends on a valuation of \$100 or more per acre!

The election of President Pine is as certain as sunrise, and it means billions in money values and millions in population added to the prosperity of the South.

The Peril of Narcotics

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (August, '26)

Walter F. Lineberger, M. C.

THE human race consumes, every year, thousands of tons of poisonous narcotic drugs, not one per cent of which is necessary for strictly medicinal purposes. The bulk of this great volume of drugs is consumed by addicts who number, in the entire world, millions of people—virtually abject slaves—addicts who consider the uninterrupted flow of their drug supply as their supreme consideration, in many cases, as a matter of life and death.

The motive and urge which constantly swells the traffic is the enormous profit derived from it. The jobber and the retailer, between them, often realize more than a 1000 per cent return. Further, many impoverished addicts find a means of getting drugs for themselves by recruiting and supplying new addicts. The profits are enormous because the addict, under the depression and torture of withdrawal symptoms, feels that he must have the drug, regardless of the cost or consequences.

The majority of addicts are "hooked" into addiction through ignorance, never realizing what the consequences are to be when they take the first "shot" or "sniff".

Opium smoking originated with the Dutch in Java, early in the 18th century. It was first mixed with tobacco, then used alone. From Java, it was taken to Formosa, and thence spread to the mainland of China. Portuguese traders first developed the importation of opium into China. Later, the East India Company came to monopolize the Indian traffic. The amount shipped from India into China rose to 10,000,000 pounds in the year 1858. In 1906, the production in China itself was estimated at 44,000,000 pounds, 200 times the medical requirements of the whole

world. In that year estimates placed the number of opium addicts in China at 27 per cent of the adult population, or over 40,000,000 victims.

In 1803, a French chemist discovered how to produce morphine from opium and, a half century later in Austria, another chemist found how cocaine could be derived from coca leaves. In 1898, a German chemist discovered how to produce heroin from morphine, a drug nearly four times as powerful. With the spread of heroin, the narcotic menace has developed into an actual world peril.

In 1790, the Chinese Government issued a ban on opium smoking and, in 1800, prohibited the importation of opium into China entirely. This led to the Opium Wars waged against China which compelled its submission to importation.

The principal narcotics which have defied legal control and are now scourging humanity—opium, morphine, cocaine, and heroin—belong to the general class of organic poisons. They affect most acutely the nervous system. Since the brain is the most delicate part of the nervous system, it is not surprising that this part should be quickly attacked and deeply injured.

One of the earlier physiological effects of narcotics is to stop the action of the parts that cause the sensation of pain, and this is what gives narcotics their chief legitimate value in the practice of medicine, but even in the effect of deadening the sense of pain, the action of the drug is that of a poison.

The most deadly narcotic drugs in general use are cocaine and heroin. The victims of these powerful drugs, unless they have repeated treatment,

live a much shorter time than the victims of morphine and opium. Degeneration of the upper brain is so swift that the elements of character crumble in a few months.

In a young person one-eighth of a grain of morphine or one-twenty-fifth of a grain of heroin is sufficient to cause the drug effect. In a few days the system will develop sufficient capacity to neutralize this quantity. Then the drug effect will be felt only after getting beyond the point of neutralization, when it will be necessary to have a quarter of a grain, later a half grain, and soon a grain, and more, to produce the desired effect.

When the effect of the drug begins to subside, as it does in a few hours, the human equilibrium is upset as though by an irritating poison. The distressing effect is general, no part of the body escapes. A condition of torture sets in. In advanced cases this suffering (called "withdrawal symptoms") is acute torture and continues for days. In some cases death will ensue if the addict is far advanced and the doses or "shots" are suddenly stopped. Naturally, the addict regards his supply of the drug as a matter of life and death.

The transformation in human character, after a drug addiction, takes place swiftly with the young—most swiftly with cocaine and heroin. In a short time a youth of either sex, so affected, loses the results of good heredity and of careful home training, and all self respect and ambition. Securing the drug supply becomes the dominant motive of life.

In addition to the general antisocial traits of all drug addicts, the heroin addict has two special characteristics. First, for a period after taking the drug he experiences an "exaltation of the ego", and regards himself as a hero. He becomes a dare-devil and imagines he can accomplish anything he sets out to do. Consequently, he is available for daring robberies and hold-ups. The other characteristic is a mania for

"hooking" others. He is an active recruiting agent. Another general characteristic of addiction psychology is secretiveness. Where the drug supply is easily accessible, so that withdrawal symptoms do not threaten, addicts (who manage to keep to small doses) sometimes remain for months or years undetected by their families and intimate friends.

On account of secretiveness, no one knows just how many heroin addicts there are in the country. We know it to be an army. Estimates of the total number of addicts, reported in the 1918-19 survey of the Treasury Department, range from 200,000 up to ten times that number, the Survey estimating the number in America at over 1,000,000. Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City, has estimated that while only 58 ounces of heroin were lawfully prescribed by the medical profession in the city of New York in the last 12 months, 76,000 ounces were consumed. The Chief of the Bureau of Criminal Identification of New York estimates the number of addicts in that city at 200,000.

All practicable measures should be taken to secure a standardization of national, state and local laws, and cooperation of enforcement agents.

Much confusion, moreover, exists in the methods employed in treating addicts. Ideas of a cure are various and the results seldom the same. The consensus of expert opinion, however, is that the percentage of addicts who remain permanently cured is exceedingly small—so very negligible that while salvage is important on humanitarian grounds, it cannot be regarded in any sense as a permanent cure.

Prevention is society's only cure. Education alone can lessen the spread of drugs. One legislative committee has admirably summed up the problem of drug addiction: "The cause is ignorance, the consequences misery, the remedy education."

His Words Ring Down the Years

Condensed from *The National Republic* (August, '26)

H. O. Bishop

ON September 22, 1776—150 years ago—a soldier of the Revolution was hanged in New York City by the British. His name was Nathan Hale. This soldier, only 21 years of age when his life was taken, is now revered as "America's Ideal Patriot." Never in all history did soldier or citizen die a braver death. Never did a man express greater love for his country than this brave lad. Nathan Hale will always live in the hearts of Americans.

"If I had 10,000 lives, I would lay them down in defense of my injured, bleeding country," were the brave words he uttered while ascending the scaffold. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Who could say or do more for his native land?

Young Hale is thus described by one who knew him well: "He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I ever met."

Hale was the sixth of 12 children, large families being quite the style in those days. His parents were high-class people. The father was a farmer, magistrate, deacon in the church, and member of the legislature. Deciding that they wanted Nathan to be a minister, the parents placed him under the tutorage of their pastor, who prepared him for Yale. At the age of 16 he became a Yale freshman, and graduated three years later. He was one of the most popular men in the college, participating in athletics, debates and all other activities. After leaving college Hale engaged in school teaching until the Lexington alarm, April 19, 1775, reached the community. At a

patriotic meeting that night, Hale said to the excited audience: "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence." He enrolled at once as a volunteer.

Hale subsequently served as a lieutenant and captain in a Connecticut regiment in the "Camp around Boston." In the autumn of '75 many soldiers declined to re-enlist. Hale was willing to give up his pay to hold them for another month. This fact is noted in his diary: "Promised the men if they would tarry another month they should have my wages for that time."

In April, 1776, Hale's command was removed to New York. Learning of the presence of a British sloop in the East River loaded with supplies, Hale decided to capture it, despite the fact that she was protected by the 64 guns of the ship of war *Asia*. The story is related by Hale's confidential camp-attendant:

"At the hour appointed, the party assembled, and cautiously crossed the river, where they ceased to ply the oar, and waited for the moon to sink below the horizon. All was hushed in darkness excepting only the watchman on the *Asia*, whose voice came in the breeze, 'All is well.' Captain Hale's men pulled away for the sloop, and soon found themselves alongside—and in an instant more she was boarded, and away she came with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold. When she struck the wharf, this new commander and his American crew were received with three cheers, and soon Captain Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked of our own army."

Early in September, 1776, Washington became greatly disturbed over the threatening movements of the British. He experienced great difficulty in getting information about them. Finally he decided that a capable man must be sent into the enemy's camp to get information. He requested Lt. Col. Knowlton to secure a volunteer for this hazardous task. Assembling his officers, Knowlton told them what was desired. Silence. Then entered a boyish man, pale from recent illness. The proposition was repeated.

"I will undertake it," said Nathan Hale. When his friends tried to dissuade him he said: "I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. Yet if the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

That afternoon Hale appeared before General Washington for instructions. That night he left the camp—never to return. Two men were to accompany him as far as he deemed it prudent. They did not find a safe place to cross the sound until they reached Norwalk, 50 miles from New York.

Assuming the role of a schoolmaster and loyalist, disgusted with the "rebel" cause, Hale went about seeking a job at teaching. He was received as a good sort of fellow by the British. After visiting all of the enemy camps on Long Island, making observations and secret drawings, he crossed over to New York, which was occupied by the British.

With drawings of fortifications, and notes written in Latin, concealed between the soles of his shoes, Hale started back to the point on Long Island where his two men were to meet him with a boat on the 20th. On the night of the 19th he stopped at the Widow Chichester's Tavern at The Cedars, a place notorious as headquarters for Tories. A number of people were present when he entered. One of them left immediately. He passed the night there and

at dawn went to the shore looking for the boat and his friends. A boat was approaching. He was very happy that his mission had been a success. His joy was short lived. His face turned pale. Instead of his friends being in the boat it was filled with British soldiers. "Surrender or die," was their greeting.

A search disclosed the papers between the soles of his shoes. He was sent to Howe's headquarters in New York. Howe did not deem a trial necessary. He considered the hidden papers sufficient proof. He turned the prisoner over to William Cunningham, British provost marshal, with orders to hang him before sunrise the next day.

Long before the break of dawn the boy-prisoner was marched to the place of execution, near the present junction of East Broadway and Market Street. Hale asked for the presence of a chaplain; the stony-hearted Cunningham refused. Hale asked for a Bible; it was denied. At the earnest request of a British officer, Hale was granted permission to write brief letters to his mother and sisters and his sweetheart. But when old Cunningham read the letters he became infuriated and tore them to shreds. Some time later, Cunningham said he destroyed the letters so "that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

The limb of an apple tree was used as a gallows. Despite the earliness of the hour many men and women had assembled to witness the unhappy scene. Cunningham glared at Hale and demanded his "last dying speech and confession." Hale apparently did not hear him. His face was turned heavenward. He was in communion with his Maker. Then, turning to his sympathetic audience, he uttered his last, famous words in a clear, calm voice. Men and women sobbed. This angered Cunningham. "Swing the rebel off," he shouted, and turning to the weeping crowd angrily called them rebels and harlots.

Success

Condensed from The Scientific Monthly (July, '26)

Professor A. S. Pearse, University of Wisconsin

WHAT every man most desires is to be successful. What puzzles most of humanity is how to do it. Perhaps a glance at biology will throw some light on the problem.

Consider briefly the characteristics of a successful animal—the housefly. What is the secret of its success? Our enemy, Sir Fly, is keen of sense, agile, versatile. Having his skeleton on the outside and his muscles within, he has done what is the best thing for him—gradually through the ages become small and quick. He escapes with ease from the attacks of sluggish, bulky animals that have bunches of soft muscle on their exteriors and bones within. Among animals of his kind Sir Fly represents the best that has been produced. Mechanically his equipment for struggling shows the highest degree of perfection. He has the “latest models” of wings, eyes, feeding organs, legs, etc.

But this is not all—Sir Fly has kept his versatility. Equipped with all the best types of arthropodan structures, he is not confined to one narrow mode of life. The poor honeybee has put all his eggs in one basket. If he can not find sugar to eat, he is lost. But our enemy, Sir Fly, can eat sugar or meat or fat or any mixture of such foods, and flourish. A bee's egg that is separated from its brood comb and its attentive swarm of nurses produces a little grub that soon perishes. A fly maggot can live on a wide variety of foods and withstand great variations in moisture, temperature and other conditions of environment. There will always be more flies than bees in the world. Sir Fly is a Success.... Hence, we have Theorem I in the Biological Book of Success: *Successful and progressive plants and animals*

survive in the struggle for existence by being specialized, yet versatile.

There are many who have false standards for success or are satisfied by pseudo-success. For those who say, “Why struggle when it is not necessary? Why not invent something, or write a book and live on the royalties?” I can only answer that there is no greater biological sin than to cease to struggle. It is not wrong to have a billion dollars or a presidency or a title. The unpardonable sin is in saying, “I have enough,” or, “I have earned a rest.” Biological evidence for this point is to be found in the past and present lives of many animals. Coming from swimming ancestors with eyes and other organs that gave some degree of appreciation of the world, the barnacle today lives attached to rocks along the seashore, safely encapsuled in a stony wall, kicking its legs in the water to capture food. Again, the tapeworm leads a quiet, protected life in the midst of digested food. Indeed, it lacks organs of digestion completely and has no sense organs for finding food, or for recognizing other particular qualities in its surroundings. Tapeworms appear to have descended from ancestors that lived a free life, seeing, seeking, fighting for their place in the world. . . . Theorem II: *The degree of ability and appreciation that any living plant or animal possesses is more or less directly proportional to the amount of struggling that the organism has done. Lack of struggling is always associated with degeneracy, with loss of power and of accomplishment and appreciation.*

Then there are those who would condone deceit. Deception has long standing as a means of existing among animals. Spiders spin delicate webs

that are overlooked by careless insects. Decorator crabs cover their backs with objects that they select from the sea bottom and thus escape detection. A walking stick is camouflaged in form and color to resemble a twig and puts all its faith in this resemblance. If one of these insects is disturbed, it may hold the same position for hours (if it moves, it no longer resembles a stick) and will allow its body to be cut in two without giving any sign of life. Such means of securing a living are dangerous, because animals employing them are led to depend more and more on special means, and if deception is discovered, the game is up. Prolonged rains may prevent the building and repair of webs, and spiders starve. If a decorator crab falls on a clean sandy bottom, it is discovered and snapped up by some hungry fish; if a wind carries a walking stick away from twigs and stems, it is easily seen. If a shyster lawyer or a quack doctor is found out, the law removes his accustomed means of livelihood. . . . Theorem III: *Avoiding the struggle for existence by deception is dangerous because plants or animals that use such methods tend to become dependent on special means and if these are discovered, organisms will be greatly handicapped, or eliminated.*

Another means of struggling is through the cooperation of many individuals. Men, ants, termites and other animals have attained considerable success with this method. It undoubtedly has the advantage of the strength that comes with united effort and the high-degree of attainment that is possible through the work of cooperating specialists. In ant colonies structurally different castes are present, which are specialized as workers, soldiers, doorkeepers, etc. Communism, however, tends to reduce all to the same level of mediocrity and makes the development of outstanding individuals more difficult. No two individuals are ever of equal ability and some members of any community do more work than others. Some individuals are so

incompetent that they contribute nothing and are supported by the community. Furthermore, real social parasites insinuate themselves into communities, where they make no attempt to do anything but make a living for themselves. Some 2000 species of social parasites have been recorded as occurring in ants' nests. In human societies there are always parasitic individuals who shout for cooperation and gain a living from others, but contribute nothing themselves. . . . Theorem IV: *Cooperation is one of the best means of attaining success if it does not involve too great sacrifice of individuality or waste effort on social parasites.*

If you ask a paleontologist what the usual cause for the dying out of a race of animals was, he will probably answer, "Too much specialization." The dinosaurs, for example, attained gigantic size, but were unprogressive in other lines of development. The earth environment changes markedly from time to time—there have been glacial epochs, humid periods, arid periods, etc. If an animal is highly adapted to peculiar conditions and these change, the animal becomes extinct. Every one knows that in human society too much specialization is unwise. A blacksmith who has made horseshoes all his life may find it difficult to make a living in his old age because he is ignorant of the ways of repairing automobiles. . . . Theorem V: *Specialization is desirable but must not be so narrow that an animal can not take advantage of new types of opportunities and change activities with changing conditions.*

Enough of argument! Now, what is success? The evidence from biology acclaims to the world: "Struggle and improve. It is sinful to be narrow, lazy, deceitful or blindly cooperative. It is virtuous to be industrious, ambitious, honest and considerate." Probably the most important tool for success is eternal trying. . . . Law: *Success is constant improvement.* It is also the most important milestone on the road to happiness.

Is China Being Americanized?

Condensed from *The Nation* (July 14, '26)

Lewis S. Gannett

IN 50 years the great port cities of China will have left hardly a trace of the lovely old Chinese architecture—except in the mission-college buildings and in the few joss temples which will doubtless be preserved to gratify the tourist trade.

Shanghai is a great British city, of solid British masonry; Tientsin is as foreign; even Canton, which has providentially escaped the curse of great foreign settlements, is enormously proud that Chinese have actually built a ten-story building on its Bund without foreign aid; and Canton's new buildings are as foreign to China as any suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, or Birmingham, England. Peking, a capital of politics rather than of commerce, resists the current most effectively.

You can buy Standard Oil kerosene in any village in China, and British-American cigarettes. The great corporations behind those products have in a generation taught the Chinese to change their habits in order to make them buy—the Standard Oil, indeed, used to give away lamps in order to create a market for the strange new fuel. If any third foreign product is on sale in the village it may well be Wrigley's chewing gum.

Architecture and chewing gum are outward symptoms of a profound inner change. Western architecture is spreading because it is cheaper. Gum and tobacco cost less than opium. Only American church-people can afford painted paneled ceilings and bright tile roofs with gargoyle corner ornaments. The Chinese—like the Europeans, like the whole world—are abandoning old beauties and old customs for cheaper and more efficient models. They are becoming modernized, standardized, Americanized, like Japan. Mystery, leisure,

charm are ebbing; cost accounting is defeating tradition.

The cult of the efficient seems a matter of course to most Westerners and almost all Americans, but to the Chinese it is a revolution. The Chinese has for untold centuries followed tradition and has believed that it was wicked to deviate from it. His young men and young women are beginning to despise custom and tradition; and his middle-aged business men, almost unconsciously, are beginning to ignore it. It was only 40 years ago that the first railroad tracks laid in China were torn up by superstitious officials; today they are an indispensable instrument of civil war, as is the once-despised telegraph. The only opposition to them comes from Westernized Chinese who know how easily international politics slips into an engineering contract. Once a contract is let, there is no longer much difficulty about arranging to remove the graves that beset all the short cuts. And a wanderer through the black lanes of an old Chinese city may be surprised to discover that the squeaky Chinese music that wails to the night is produced not by a stringed instrument but by a Victor record.

Foreign railroads, manners, oil, and architecture are prevailing because they are more efficient. American wheat, when it costs \$1.00 a bushel in Chicago, can be landed in Hankow, 10,000 miles away and 600 miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai, cheaper than it can be brought from Shensi, only 1000 miles away, where it may sell for 25 cents. Railways and steamships make the difference; no wonder they and their products are breaking the crust of old China. Foreign clothes have made less progress because, in cold weather at

least, they are less efficient than the old Chinese robes. Foreign hair-dressing—including the bob—is making its way among the women. Curt foreign manners are replacing the leisurely old Chinese courtesy. The streets are being widened, and the intimacy of the old Chinese workshop, opening on a narrow street and aware of all that its neighbors said and did, is disappearing. Foreign machinery is revolutionizing Chinese industry. Foreign ideas—and the railway, taking the young people away from their homes to study and to work—are breaking up the immobile unity of Chinese family life upon which the whole structure of Confucian ethics is based. Boys go away from home to study, and refuse to return to the wives of their parents' choice.

It seems to me that even the nationalism of the student movement today, passionately denouncing foreigners and all their works, is essentially a part of the cult of Western efficiency. This political nationalism has its roots in foreign education and practice. The old Chinese patriotism—a patriotism profounder than anything known in the West—was cultural rather than political. It was a loyalty to a civilization rather than to a state, conservative rather than aggressive. It was powerless to halt the intrusion of Western men and methods into the political and economic control of China, and was satisfied because the Westerners were so obviously inferior in the refinements of living. These young students are the counterpart of our flapper generation; flaunting their posters and banners, parading by thousands against the unequal treaties, and making soap-box speeches about self-determination, they express contempt for the passivity of their elders and of repeating a lesson learned from abroad. Theirs is not the language of old China but of young Europe. When it defies us most violently young China is most certainly expressing its determination to be like us.

China is so picturesque, so obviously different to the outward eye, that we are tempted to make her out more different from us than she is. I once asked an Asiatic scholar how the East could preserve its essential Orientalism while submitting to industrialization; he replied: "I don't think there is anything peculiarly Oriental and Occidental. There is merely medieval and modern." China has been separated from us through 4000 years of recorded history, and has developed what seems a very different civilization. Yet much which we call "Chinese" or "Oriental" is to be found in our own Middle Ages. When the Chinese have a network of railroads—which will inevitably break up the old village economy—and good roads and rapid local transit, other differences will fade and disappear. We may discover our essential likenesses too late. And then the problem, for the Chinese as for us, will be how to regain those essentially medieval virtues which China still has and which our restless, mobile, industrialized West has lost.

Meanwhile the process which has reached its apex in bustling, rushing, goalless America goes on. There is, as yet, no power in China to stop it. The great central force which has maintained China's identity through 50 centuries is her worship of the past, but the mechanical superiority of the present has already proved its power to defy that ancient citadel. What happens in the port cities of China today will happen throughout China the day after tomorrow. The feverish, abnormal life of those cities has a significance out of all proportion to their share of China's 450,000,000 people; the rest of China too will adopt the Western—or modern—method of working hectically while it works, and of playing madly while it plays; it too will forget the Chinese—or medieval—knack of combining work and play so that long hours seem short. The port cities are a hint of China's tomorrow.

A Godfather of Inventors

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (August, '26)

Archibald Douglas Turnbull

JUST a hundred years ago, an inventive genius of vision stood before a small crowd gathered upon a New Jersey lawn. Two concentric wooden rails had been laid down upon the lawn, upon which stood a platform on wheels supporting a boiler and a steam engine. Presently, the crowd heard the crackle of a wood fire; next, their ears caught the sputter of steam. Then—the odd-looking contrivance began to move. The first steam train ever to run upon rails on the American continent was an accomplished fact, and the man who built it was Col. John Stevens, of Hoboken.

The crowd stared. Could it after all be true, as John Stevens for years had been insisting, that *this* was the way to get farm produce to city markets, and *this* the way, too, to mobilize troops on the country's frontiers in emergency?

At any rate, within the year, the eastern legislatures were besieged for railroad charters. Within a few years more, axes were slashing out rights of way in an enterprise which has never stopped since. Today, American railroad mileage would belt the world a dozen times. But every inch of shining steel track and every railroad car date back to John Stevens' puffy little affair, first feeling its way gingerly, then working up to five, six, and seven miles an hour. The fight that he had so long made, single-handed, was won on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon of 1826.

Why should this man have had no more prominent place in American history? Chiefly, perhaps, because of his having inherited a good-sized fortune from his distinguished father, a fact which lifted him out of that class of gaunt and hungry-

eyed inventors whose struggles for recognition have always interested the biographer and the historian.

Yet John Stevens was not only a great inventor, but was, as it were, the godfather of all others in America. As far back as 1789 he petitioned Congress for protection for inventors, in consequence of which the first United States patent laws were passed. And so there has never been an American inventor since who did not owe a debt to John Stevens.

Stevens had cast aside his early training for the law, forgotten his business career as Revolutionary Treasurer of New Jersey, and gone in, heart and soul, for engineering. Largely, self-taught, by studying every existing authority and every experiment known at the time, he set his face toward devising improvements. He had bought land in Hoboken—practically the whole tract that now forms the city—and here he studied his problems. Very soon he was assisted by two eager sons, Robert, destined to become the nation's leading naval architect, and Edwin, a rare combination of inventor and business man.

Steam engines were just then claiming much attention on both sides of the Atlantic among those who wanted to apply them to navigation. Steam-driven oars, side-wheels, and even "duck-foot" paddles had been tried by different men with varying success. It was left for Stevens to be half a century ahead of his competitors; for it was he who introduced the screw propeller. His single screw came first. With this, built in a form amazingly like the one that is now so familiar, he got some speed, but also bad steering effect. Then it came to him that he could use two screws, turning in op-

posite directions. By 1804 he completed and began running what was not only the first steamboat of importance on the Hudson river, but also the first twin-screw steamer in the world.

Crowds collected daily at New York's Battery, to watch her dash across to Hoboken and back. Dash is the right word, considering her date, because her engine drove her eight miles an hour; whereas the boats that followed her a few years later, upon the Hudson, such, for example, as Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, claimed no more than five or six miles.

If anything like high-pressure steam had been known, the propeller would doubtless have eclipsed every other design at once. But the four or five pounds a square inch, generally accepted as safe then, could not handle the propeller efficiently. So John Stevens went back, for his larger boat, the *Phoenix*, to side-wheels.

When the *Phoenix* was completed, in 1808, Stevens found himself blocked by the grant of a Hudson river monopoly to Livingston and his partner, Fulton. "Then I'll send her around to the Delaware," said Stevens. But his friends protested, "No man would dare to venture down the coast with that kettle."

"Yes, one man would—my son, Robert." Heavy winds came up, and many had given up hope of seeing the *Phoenix* again, but she finally anchored in the Delaware, safe and sound. Robert Stevens, just 21 at the time, had poked her nose into history as the very first ocean-going steamer on record.

As the black cloud of 1812 began forming, John Stevens suggested to the government that our war vessels should be equipped with engines. "Let us give our ships the incalculable advantage of choosing their own time to fight," said he. He was striking, of course, the keynote of naval strategy; yet he found those in authority stone deaf. It was some years before his suggestion came in-

to favor for expeditions against the pirates of the West Indian seas.

Always with Robert as chief assistant, he next made tests of cannon balls, fired into heavy oak targets and also against such targets after covering them with iron plates. Out of those experiments came two inventions of enormous importance. First, Robert developed the elongated shell, filled with explosive, more accurate and far more deadly in effect than the old round shot. Next, the target experiments convinced the Stevenses that gunfire of the day would not be effective against ships protected by four-and-one-half-inch iron plates. Some 40 years later, this was adopted as the average of the iron-clad fleet built for Napoleon III.

With steamboats and railroads John Stevens laid the foundation for the commercial progress of the United States. With projectiles and iron-clads he—and his sons—proposed the best method of protecting the nation. And still his record of far-sighted vision is not complete.

"New York," he declared, "will become, at no distant day, one of the world's greatest cities. It will not suffice that we be able to reach it by slow moving ferries." So he drew up careful plans for building bridges over the Hudson and the East river. At first he proposed floating bridges, with draws; later bridges on piers, with spans to be so high that any vessel could easily pass under them. In both cases, however, short-sighted men opposed him, insisting upon the delays to river navigation which would result from any sort of bridges. Almost immediately, Stevens came out with still another brilliant idea. He suggested building cylinders, and gave complete details for joining these cylinders together in a line across the Hudson, sinking them into the river-bed, pumping them out, and lining them with brick or stone. Here was the first proposal for the vehicular tunnel, on a principle actually patented only about 15 years ago.

First Aid to the Physician

Condensed from *The Century* (August, '26)

Morris Fishbein

THE American Medical Association was organized primarily to raise the standards of medical education. In 1847 a diploma from a medical college carried with it the privilege of practising medicine. Out of that situation arose the numerous scandals in medical education that have been disturbing legislators and health officials since that time. In 1904 the association established the Council of Medical Education, with a full-time secretary, to survey the situation and to indicate possibilities for reform. This Council has promulgated higher standards from time to time, until today the number of medical schools has decreased from almost 200, including all sorts of fly-by-night diploma-mills, to less than 80 reputable institutions.

The Council on Medical Education is now gathering statistics regarding the hospitals of the United States, and classifying hospitals into groups, including those capable of giving competent medical service, those efficient in the training of interns in general practice, those available for the study of various specialties in medicine, and finally those which are conducted primarily for profit and without regard to ethical standards. The Council has found that there are 294 institutions which, because of clearly unethical reasons, such as criminal practice, admission to their staffs of members who are unqualified either morally or professionally, and flagrant methods of advertising, are deemed unworthy of inclusion in any list of reputable institutions. In its publication of the list of hospitals, the names of these 294 institutions have been omitted.

The early nineteen-hundreds revealed the acme of secrecy in proprietary medicines; moreover the publication of

inaccurate and misleading formulas was frequent. The association promptly established a chemical laboratory, in which are employed four full-time chemists, to verify the composition of remedies offered to physicians, and of secret nostrums purveyed to the public. When the ingredients of the remedies were established, the Council on Pharmacy, consisting of 15 eminent physicians, determined whether or not the claims made in advertising were justified on the basis of the contents. The facts thus made available were published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Advertising disappeared page by page. The times were ripe for general reform. It was then that the Pure Food and Drug Act became a law; truth-in-advertising campaigns a national endeavor, and advertising a legitimate profession.

At the same time medicine began to evolve new methods of treatment, improving the drugs of the past, developing vaccines and serums and extracts of the body glands, such as adrenalin, insulin, and pituitrin. The Council kept pace with these new problems. It continues to publish its reports week after week, and to make available to physicians each year a book containing remedies that have been found useful. It has been the means of saving to the medical profession and to the public an incalculable amount of money and inestimable years of life.

The public has been an easy victim for any sort of claims made for a proprietary medicine. Coincident with the establishment of the Council of Pharmacy, there came into being the Bureau of Investigation. Year by year, in this department, there has been collected information concerning patent-medicine makers, quacks, and all sorts of medical mail-order fakers. The

card-indexes listing material available contain 125,000 cards devoted to medical quackery. The information collected in this Bureau is made available to the public and to the medical profession through articles in the Journal, in Hygeia, a magazine of health published by the American Medical Association, and through pamphlets circulating directly to the public.

Moreover, lantern-slides, posters, and charts are made available to physicians who may wish to lecture before schools, or other groups interested in the prevention of quackery. Each year the correspondence of this department includes some 6,000 answers to advertising groups, better-business bureaus, newspaper and magazine editors, who are interested to know the facts concerning various preparations before permitting them to be advertised in their pages. At one time suits for libel totaling almost \$13,000,000 were filed against the association for its courage in bringing to light the schemes of unprincipled promoters. Only one of these suits ever came to trial; the court damages amounted to but one cent, and the plaintiff paid his own costs.

The Bureau of Medical Legislation informs physicians and lawmakers concerning the status of health legislation. It has concerned itself particularly with such problems as the current lye legislation, in an attempt to protect the housewife against the dangers of caustic substances; it has fought constantly the fanatical opponents of vaccination and animal experimentation, who place personal prejudice above sanity and progress; it has aided in the fight for a minimum standard of education of all those who would treat the sick.

The activities which have been mentioned yield no income to the association. Their cost is great, but it is borne by the medical profession as its contribution to honest medicine. The income of the association is derived primarily from one of its publications, the Journal, which has a weekly circulation of 90,000 copies. The income

from the Journal, in subscriptions and advertising, is more than one and a quarter millions of dollars. It is this income that has enabled the association to establish its numerous services, that has permitted the erection of a headquarters office, with a staff of almost 400 people engaged in carrying on the work of education and the editing and printing of its publications.

There was a time when medical science was shrouded in mystery and was practised in secrecy. But times change. Today the association disseminates information to thousands of lay newspapers and periodicals. The radio is used from many centers to broadcast medical information.

The publication of a Spanish edition of the Journal was undertaken in cooperation with the Rockefeller Foundation, which bears half the loss, so that the physicians in Spanish-speaking countries may be kept aware of medical progress in the United States. The association also publishes some seven journals devoted to various medical specialties.

Leaders in American medicine today are concerned more than anything else with plans whereby the man in the ranks of the general practitioner may be kept abreast of the knowledge of our time. The services of the library department of the association are devoted essentially to such medical education. More than 300 of the leading medical periodicals of the world are received by the association, and indexed. Significant articles are abstracted. Virtually every county has its county medical society which meets regularly to hear papers read by its members or by visiting physicians. To assist in the preparation of such papers, a package library was established, which carries to physicians a service of great value.

This then is the work of the organization which fanatics call the "medical monopoly." In view of the nature of the organization and the service it renders, the gibe simply cannot be made to stick.

A Professor's Fortune Made on Broadway

Condensed from Pictorial Review (August, '26)

Lawton Mackall

OTTO HARBACH is the world's most successful writer of musical comedies; author of nearly 40 big hits—ranging all the way from *Madame Sherry*, produced in 1909, to *Rose Marie*, *No, No, Nanette*, *Song of the Flame*, and *Sunny*. . . .

Forty years ago in Salt Lake City there lived a poor Danish watchmaker and his wife and their nine children. One of these sons, Otto, had a passion for the theater. It had ten times the fascination for him that the circus has for most boys. And Mrs. Harbach, perhaps with an intuition of Otto's future, gave him many a 25-cent piece, that he might sit in the "peanut gallery." At 13 he and his mother thoroughly believed that some day he would write a play himself.

At 14, he entered Collegiate Institute, a Presbyterian school, and paid his tuition by selling newspapers, mowing lawns, and playing a violin. (Every member of his family sang and played some instrument.) When graduation time drew near, the principal of the school interested Otto in Knox College. Having only \$30 in the world, he earned his transportation to Galesburg, Ill., by acting as Pullman porter to three car-loads of sheep. During his four years at Knox he paid his way by doing odd jobs, and working in his vacations. He captured all the prizes in English and public speaking, and won the finals of an interstate oratorical contest in which 80 colleges were represented.

Upon graduation, he received an appointment as professor of English and public speaking at Whitman College, where he taught for six years. His talks and readings were so popular that he was sought after as a lyceum lecturer. Next, he came to New York, on a year's leave of absence, to study for a Ph.D. degree at Columbia Uni-

versity. But within a few months, his eyes failed him, and he was told that to continue his career might cost him his sight. Poor, 26, and threatened with blindness!

First he tried life insurance; but without friends that was a fizzle. Then he worked as a newspaper reporter—till one day the paper he was on was "merged" from under him. Next he tried the advertising business, and before long he was the head of both the copy and art department of one of the leading agencies. But, as always, he still wanted to become a playwright. The hours after six o'clock at night were his only chance. Unaided, unguided, with nothing to go on but the elusive thing called hope, he spent ten years teaching himself the a-b-c of play construction. Whenever one of his manuscripts was rejected Harbach would rewrite it, perhaps for the 20th time. Such persistence inevitably wins success.

One piece finally convinced Whitmark & Co., the New York music publishers, that Harbach had ability. So they gave him the chance to write the lyrics for a new musical comedy. For these verses they paid him \$100, which was the sum total of his receipts from *The Three Twins*, one of Broadway's outstanding successes for two or three years.

When his next opportunity came along, which it soon did—that of writing the book as well as the lyrics of *Madame Sherry*—he insisted on a royalty arrangement. And this time he was rewarded. *Madame Sherry* brought him a fortune. And it made him a full-fledged playwright.

Followed in rapid succession such successes as *Girl of My Dreams*, *Dr. De Luxe*, *The Firefly*, *High Jinks*, *Katinka*, *Going Up*, *Wildflower*, *Mary*, and *Kid Boots*. In fact, his career is un-

equalled in the annals of the theater. He has written nearly 40 tremendously successful shows, ranging all the way from farces to light operas. On some nights his plays have literally girdled the world. No, No, Nanette is now being played by no less than 16 companies: six in America, five in England, one in Vienna, one in Paris, one in Budapest, one in Australia, and one in South Africa. He has made over \$10,000,000 for his producers and has himself become the most sought-after and influential playwright in the musical comedy field.

Yet Harbach has remained in the shadow of his own achievements. He has never tried to step out into the limelight. On Broadway, however, there is scarcely a composer of any distinction with whom he has not collaborated. There is hardly a star or comedian for whom he has not written a part and directed. There are few producers of any note who have not received part of the golden stream which his talent has brought forth.

Harbach is primarily a most painstaking craftsman. His operettas and musical comedies are not mere haphazard affairs made up of song-and-dance numbers interspersed with jokes and patter; they are full-fledged plays enhanced with music. The songs are not just "pinned on" the story; they belong in the story.

Creating, suggesting, writing, rewriting, rehearsing, and rewriting over and over: such is Harbach's constant occupation. Even after the show is actually running he will continue to make changes—strengthening a scene here, cutting a speech there, giving the comedian crisper lines.

"Genius" has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Harbach's genius also includes an infinite capacity for enduring strains. He can put in a fortnight of high-speed, high-power strenuousness that would kill five average men working in relays, and at the end of it you'll find him standing in an easy attitude in the center of the stage, with his back to rows of empty orchestra seats,

speaking to a cast of a hundred or so and telling them in clear, effortless voice that they all did *splendidly* this evening, and that he has thought of one or two more little changes that may help the show. No wonder he has hits!

He is not only a playwright, he is a stage-director, artist, and general show "doctor." When a producer hires Harbach to write a show he does not secure the services of merely one man—he secures the abilities of four. And because of his amazing success record, coupled with his reliability, he is so beset by managers that he is not able to take on more than a tenth of the contracts that are offered him.

After nearly 20 years of success in the theater he is the theater's most earnest student. The result is an amazing versatility. So great is the confidence in his genius that the secretary of one of the big theatrical managers, glowing over the fact that Harbach was to have a hand in some show, recently said to me, "We're all right now. Everything Harbach touches turns to gold!"

Nanette, by the way, is Mrs. Harbach's. Before the show opened he made her a present of the royalties which, up to May 1st of this year had paid her \$216,549.40!

The biggest song hit in the entire Harbach list was Love Nest, of which 1,750,000 copies were sold, and which brought him \$65,000. For a man who calls himself merely a dramatist, Harbach has certainly made a remarkable record as a writer of lyrics.

Anyone who has been present in his home would know that there is no possibility of Harbach's ever becoming a blasé Broadwayite; would know that the sentiment in Harbach's romances set to music is written sincerely, and would understand why his shows are found to ring true by audiences of men and women on both sides of the Atlantic and on the far side of the Pacific.

COL. OSCAR W. SOLBERT (p. 257), of the Officers' Reserve Corps, served as military attaché in London after the war. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit through America two years ago, and was recently a member of the party of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

HARBOR ALLEN (p. 259), a newspaper man, recently returned from a long stay in Europe.

FREDERICK PALMER (p. 263) has been one of the notable American war correspondents and writers for the last 25 years. Every conflict since 1897 has been witnessed and reported at some point by him. In the last war he was an accredited correspondent with the British Army and Fleet, and when the United States entered the war he joined the A. E. F. His service as major and later as lieutenant-colonel won for him the Distinguished Service Medal.

J. BERNARD WALKER (p. 265) is an associate editor of the Scientific American.

DR. LEWA K. SADLER (p. 267) has lectured throughout the country, and is the author of several books, among them *The Mother and Her Child*, *How to Reduce and How to Gain*, and *How to Feed the Baby*. She is connected with one of the larger hospitals in Chicago, is secretary of the Medical Women's National Association, and a fellow of the American Medical Association and of the American College of Surgeons.

ANNE W. ARMSTRONG (p. 269) holds an honorable record as an employment manager for a concern numbering some 7500 workers.

DR. CHARLES M. A. STINE (p. 271) is Chemical Director, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

IRWIN EDMAN (p. 273), of the philosophy department of Columbia University, is at present studying and writing in Italy. His *Richard Kane* has already become a character in the parlance of those who consider modern philosophy.

MARY LEE DAVIS (p. 275) is the wife of John Allen Davis who was superintendent of the Mining Experiment Station at Fairbanks, Alaska, for six years. Mrs. Davis's first article on Alaska, "God's Pocket," published two years ago, achieved an extraordinary success. She received within a few months more than 100 letters from women, asking for more information about Alaska.

A RETURNING AMERICAN (p. 279) is a distinguished man of letters.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM (p. 283), famous lecturer and writer, devotes his life to making biology and kindred sciences easily understood and applied by the man in the street. His latest two books, *The New Decalogue of Science*, and *The Fruit of the Family Tree*, have been best sellers in the non-fiction field.

DR. GERALD WENDT (p. 285) is director of the Division of Industrial Research, Pennsylvania State College.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE (p. 287), an ordained minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is News Editor of *The Churchman*, and is on the editorial staff of *The Outlook*.

GEORGE WITTEN (p. 297) is an experienced investigator of fraud in many disguises.

JUDGE JOHN F. MCINTYRE (p. 303) of the Court of General Sessions, New York City, is one of the most brilliant and distinguished criminal court judges in the United States.

LEWIS S. GANNETT (p. 313) is an associate editor of *The Nation*.

MORRIS FISHBEIN (p. 317) is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, associate in history of medicine in the University of Chicago School of Medicine, and author of *The Medical Follies*, a book that has done a great service to the cause of scientific medicine.

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